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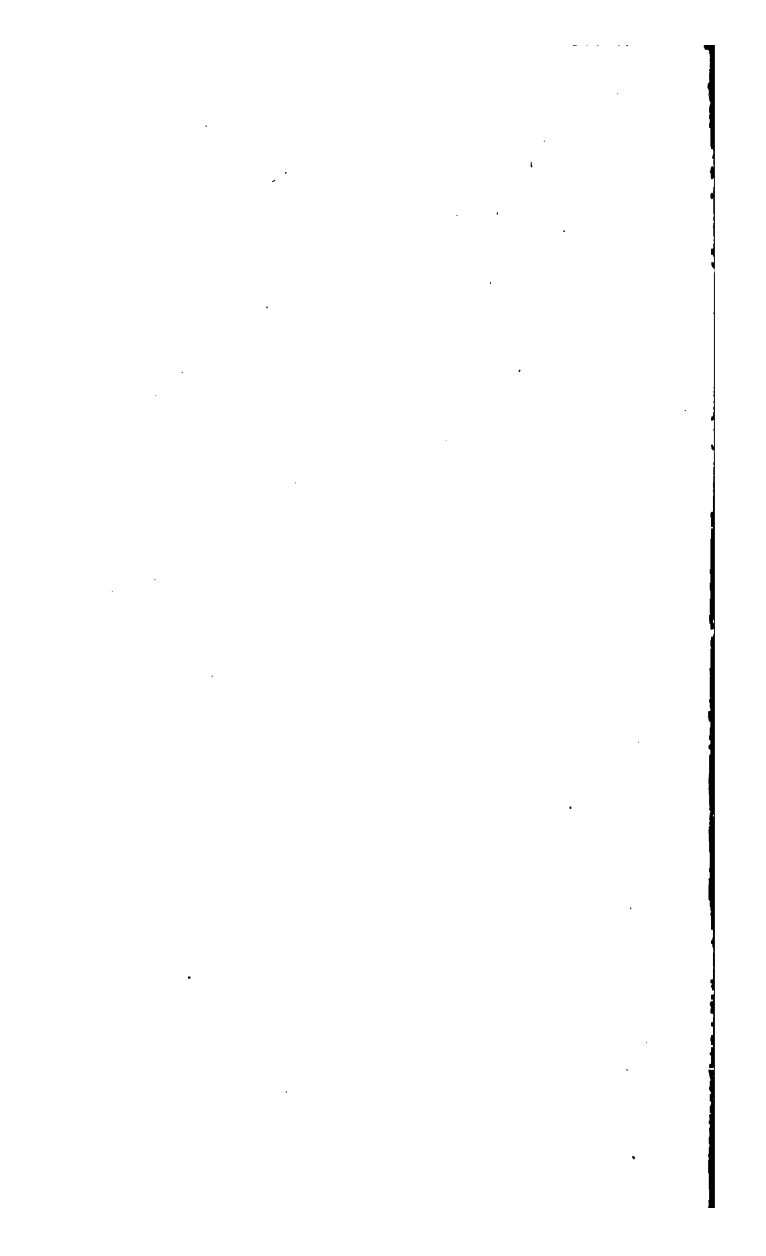


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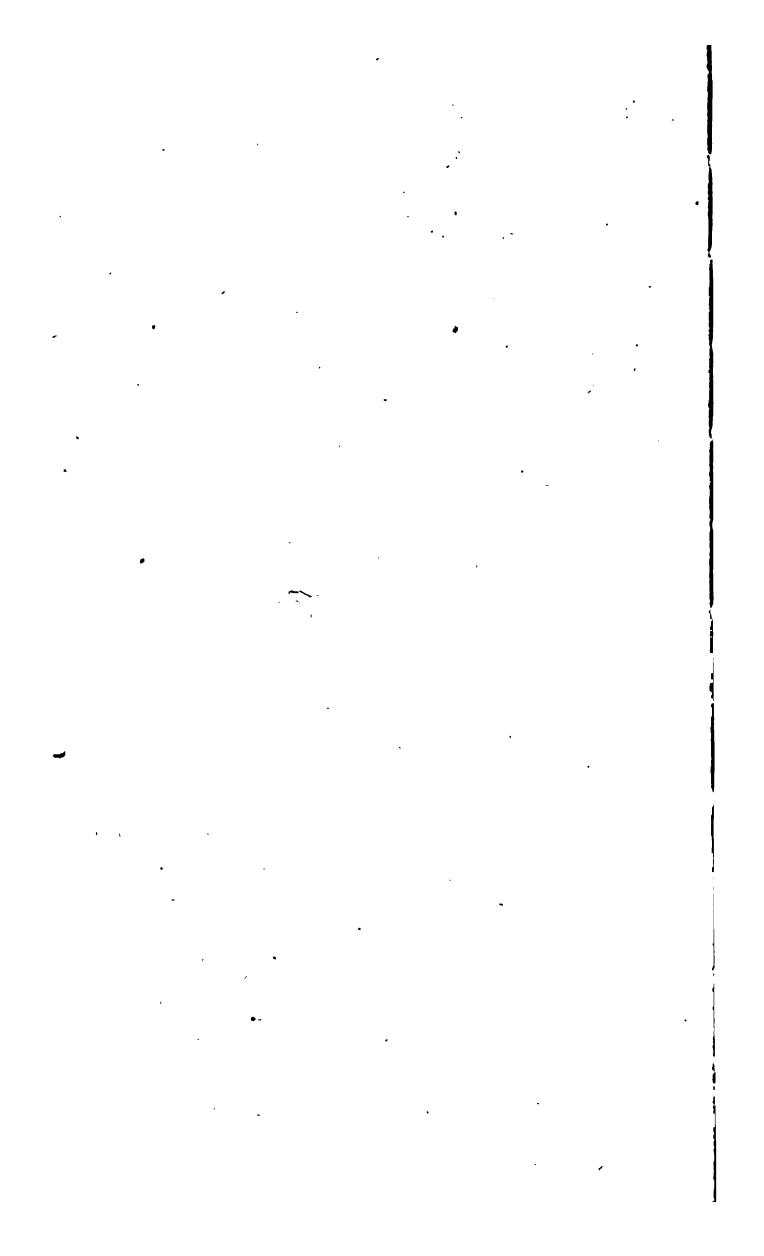
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Comic
1911



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A WAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

THE
COMIC ANNUAL,

BY
THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



LONDON:
A. H. BAILY AND CO., CORNHILL.

MDCCCXXXVII.

CLW

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A DISSENTER'S MARRIAGE.

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P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS and Gentle Reader!—for the eighth time greeting;—for as “the short-fingered little progeny” exclaims at her grand piano, “Thank Goodness! I have reached an Octave at last!” The Comic has lived to see a second Olympiad; and as no Competitor appears in the Arena, it may modestly assume that it is crowned with success.

And now for a few words under the rose: if, indeed, it be not too late for even the Last Rose of Summer. I am afraid, if you have read my Announcement, that the present Volume will seem not to quite square with that Circular: you will expect a little more political pepper and spice than will be found in the seasoning. The truth is, I am all abroad, not figuratively but geographically; in a remote land, where before The Times arrives, it is

like "the good old times," rather out of date ; and consequently I get my news, as some persons receive their game, too far gone to be of use. This accident of distance escaped my memory whilst penning the promises contained in my Prospectus. I forgot the difficulty of estimating the prospects of England, and giving my own views of them, when England itself was out of sight. Moreover, not having recently read Elia's Essay on Distant Correspondents, I overlooked the possibility of the true becoming false, and the false true,—of the undone being 'done,' and the done undone,—in the interval between my speculations and their publication. Thus, whilst I was sitting, unshaved, in my old clothes, arguing on paper for Hebrew Emancipation—the act was, perhaps, actually passed ; and the Jews engaged in an appropriate *Jewbilee*. At the very time I was contending, with all the stiffness of a steel pen, for the rights of Dissenters to marry according to their own forms—the Dissenters—marry come up ! might be standing in an *altar'd* position, and in possession of



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all their *rites*. I might have been getting up an urgent call for the Repeal of the Corn Laws—when the Corn Laws had been regularly outlawed, at the poetical petition of Ebenezer Elliott and Corney Webbe. At the same hour, whilst I was writing in deprecation of Sabbath-Bills, and Parliamentary Piety—Sir Andrew had, perchance, embraced Judaism, and exchanged Sunday for Saturday. My Strictures reprobating Bull-baiting in Exeter Hall, might have been anticipated by the nuisance abating itself into a display of Calves. A Series of Nine Tales, with Cuts, illustrative of the cruelty of Military Flogging might have become superfluous by Law having tied up the Drummers; or the Army itself having reversed the practice by cutting the cat. I might have been insisting on a fairer mode of Registration—when the whole system had been Rumfordized and the Books ordered to be kept on the principle of Cobbett's Register. A scheme for the settlement of the Agitated Irish Church,—might have found the Agitated Irish Church turned into an English Chapel

of Ease. A project for the gradual Extinction of Tithes might have been rendered useless—by the clergy throwing up Tithes, and adapting the Voluntary Principle as a Voluntary for the Church Organ. A Friendly Warning to Conservatives and Destructives on the Danger of Division with an offer of Mediation might have addressed itself to Parties already bound by an alliance offensive and defensive ; hand and glove with each other, and foot and shoe to every body else. I might have put forth a Lament for the defunct Close Corporations, when the Corporations had jumped into their skins again and were stuffing out their old Bodies. The Abolition of Sinecures Enforced—might have found the Gentlemen-with-nothing-to-do, placed on a reduced Scale of Duties. My Call for a Change in Currency might have proved quite uncalled for—the Circulating Medium being allowed to get change (farthings excepted) whenever required. The “ Policy of Free Trade Asserted and Assured ” might have been anticipated, by Trade having been presented with



WHAT WILL THE PIERS DO NEXT ?

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the Freedom of the World in a pill box. A Modest Plea for the better Protection of Copyright might have been forestalled by the appointment of Captains Glascock, Marryatt, and Chamier, as literary cruisers to carry new Piracy Laws into effect. A Work on the Working of the New Poor Laws might have turned out a work of supererogation—there being no Poor for Laws to work upon, the Philanthropic Party having transformed all the paupers, at their own expense, into Poor Gentlemen. And, finally, how foolish I should have looked with my “Remarks on the Franchise,” or the “Complaint of a Ten Pound Voter, a shilling short”—if in the meantime voters were admitted by *avoir-dupois*, as a test of their weight in the Country!

Thus you see, dear Courteous Reader, how much excellent Politics I might have thrown away upon shadows: to say nothing of the disagreeable danger of writing for the Party which was out, instead of the Party that was in. For if Knowledge be Power, then Power should be Knowledge; and they ought always to be found on the same side. I have therefore re-

luctantly circumscribed the sphere of my utility ; contenting myself with furnishing a Report on Agricultural Distress, which, like the report of a gun, will serve to startle the deep silence that has brooded over the Parliamentary Enquiry on the same subject.

The Ode to Dr. Hahnemann is recommended, with infinitesimal respect, to the consideration of those Members of the Faculty who, adopting the doctrine of minute doses, prescribe for their patients on Temperance Principles ; and have established their Dispensary in Pump Court. I have only further to declare, that the Aneodote of Simon Paap is true ; and that the incidents of the Fatal Bath stand equally on the solid legs of fact.

And now, Courteous Reader, farewell—for another twelvemonth, farewell ! Whether you will ever *year* from me again is a periodical problem only to be solved by Time. Perchance, you would not already have seen so many of these my Annuals, but for a severe visitation I suffer under, and which nothing but the Comic can relieve. You will remember—for who has not read

the Arabian Nights Entertainments?—the adventure of Sindbad the Sailor with that horrid Old Man of the Sea. Alas! during nine months of the twelve I have such another Day-Mare on my own shoulders. For three quarters of every year he is on my back, trying to break me in to his own humour, the “decidedly serious” Week after week, I am beset by his letters, the whole drift of which is to make me like Peter Bell, a “sadder and a wiser man.” Page after page—and they are like the pages of a hearse—he doles out his doleful advice to me, to subdue what he is pleased to call my levity. And truly, if any thing could turn my animal spirits, “white spirits and black, red spirits and grey,” into blue devils, it would be the perusal of his lugubrious epistles. They read like “Letters from the Dead to the Living.” He has a 40-Under-taker-power of depression, and if he talk as he writes, must have a toll in his tone that would cast a damp on a Burial Society. Who can he be? But that Lewis (see “Tayler’s Records of my Life”) is dead and buried, I should take him to be that King of Grief.

Perhaps he is a resurrection of Heraclitus. He never writes down the word laughter without "idiotic for a prefix; smiles are apish grimaces, and he seriously assures me, what I as seriously believe, that he is insensible to jests, a detester of clenches," and one who could never see the fun in what is called fun "Miserrimus" should be his motto. He dates from Slough—but it must be the Slough of Despond: his very seals seem to bear the impression of dumps. "Man is made to mourn" is his favourite quotation; but he culls funereal flowers besides from Young's Night Thoughts, Blair's Grave, and Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs. His letters accordingly are mere Dirges in Prose. He describes life as a long wet walk thro' a vale of tears by land;—and a *Wailing* voyage by water. Now, like Milton, and all other men, I have, when unwell, my fits of *Ill Penseroso*; but let me be ever so hypped and low, the receipt of one of his epistles finds "in my lowest depth a lower still." For a week afterwards, I am as grave and saturnine as if I had been visiting the Cave of Trophonius; I dream

even of my Gloomy Unknown in the likeness of Giant Despair cut in Cypress ; and wake though it be a May morning, with the yellow fog-damps of November hanging over my Spirits. If he would but let me alone ! but 'tis not in the nature of his Sect. Melancholy has "marked him for her own," and he wants every body to be tarred with the same stick. I have tried to evade his correspondence : but by means of feigned hands, change of seals and other artifices, he contrives to poke his dismals at me, with the sombre pertinacity of a carrion crow boring a dead horse. The only thing which stops his croak is the Comic. For some three months, from its publication—as if he had given me over as incorrigible or incurable—I am free from the persecution of his favours : but after that bright period has elapsed, he sets in again with his accustomed severity : generally with a letter of condolence on the levity of my spirits. Then he mounts his hobby again !—he vaults on my back, and for the rest of the year rides me woe worth him ! like a Black Brunswicker, with a Death's head and Marrowbones for his cognizance.

Judge then, Courteous Reader, with what gladness of heart I am now penning the last sentences of a book which, if it will not knock my Tormentor on the head quite so effectually as Sindbad brained his Back-fare with a great stone, will at least stun and dumbfound him for three moons to come. May it do as much for you, dear Reader,—though but for a few hours,—if you have Dull Care upon your Shoulders!



“HAVE I A WOTE FOR GRINNAGE?”

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Forgive me this once, and I'll never do so any more	—	-	—
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D. I. O.	—	-	—

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

THE FATAL BATH.



It is seldom that medical men are of accord in their theories : the differences of doctors have, indeed, passed into a proverb ; but if there be any one point

on which their opinions entirely harmonise, it is on the propriety of bathing with an empty stomach. The famous Doctor Krankengraber, in his most famous book, called "Immersion deeply Considered," forbids, under all kinds of corporeal pains and penalties, the use of the cold bath, after the mid-day meal. "Take it," he says emphatically, "as you value your life, health, and consequent peace, comfort, and happiness, by all means before, before, before, dinner." It is a high authority to set up against; and yet if the pen were my professional implement instead of the sword—could I write treatises, as eloquently as the learned Esculapian,—I would cry to the ends of the earth, bathe, as you love yourself, or love any one else,—as you love the precious meal itself—bathe *after, after, after,* dinner! Let the candid reader decide between us.

It is now nearly twenty years since I met the lovely and fascinating Christina F——, now, alas! Christina Von G——, at our Casino Ball. I had only the happiness of dancing one waltz with her—but what a waltz it was! It never left off! She had completely turned my head—not one turn from right to left, or otherwise; but she had set it spinning for ever! Like



HE-DIP-US, — TYRANNUS.

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the harmonious everlasting revolutions of the planets, was that dance with its music in my memory. All the rest of the night, or at least the few hours of morning slumber allowed me by my military duties, that ineffable whirl, with the same bright angel for my partner, went on in a dream.

Every one who happened, like myself, to be abroad in Coblentz, on the first of May, 1835, must recollect the remarkable whirlwind of that date, and its memorable effects. I saw it come down the Moselle, twirling round a jackdaw or two, some hides of leather, linen, and other articles, caught up in its vortex; and then, passing over the Rhine towards Thal-Ehrenbreitstein, where I was then quartered, it disappeared in the direction of Ems. But it left its mysterious influence behind. After gazing for a moment at the place where it had vanished, all of a sudden, striking up a popular air in a whistle, a countryman caught hold of a woman who happened to stand near him, and compelled her, with gentle violence, to revolve with him in the national dance. The hint took. A second pair began to turn—a third

—the infection spread—each caught hold of a neighbour, male or female,—till in the space of a few minutes, soldiers, officers, civilians, carmen, market women, ladies, maid-servants, barge-masters, peasants, old or young, were all spinning. There was not an individual to be seen, on either bank, or on the bridge, but was engaged in the universal waltz!

Alas! the lovely Christina was to me as that tornado! She not only made me whirl myself, but every thing else to whirl round me. My thoughts flowed in circles: I could never project them in a straight line to any given point. I was a human humming-top, always humming that one dear air by Zirkel that I had danced to. My brain became dizzy and giddy—the earth reeled beneath me, the sky spun round above me. In short, I was eddying in endless circles in that Maelstrom of Passion called Love.

The discovery of my state was no sooner made than I strove to collect my senses, and soberly review the past, in order to estimate my chance of eventual bliss. I recalled the affable smile, the frank hand, the tender glance, of Christina; and especially her ready “Ja!

ja!" to every thing I said. I remembered the gracious expressions of her mother, with whom I had also danced, even to the use of the affectionate "thou," as though I were her son elect. I thought of the benevolent smile of her father, as I touched glasses with him:—and above all, I knew that I possessed more than that minimum of revenue, without which officers of the Prussian army are forbidden to become Benedicts. Every thing was in my favour. Hope herself assumed the face and figure of Christina, and, consenting to dance with me, I began spinning again worse than ever. We waltzed now by wholesale,—Christina, myself, her mother, and father, all her relations, and all mine, in one great family circle!

In the mean time my military duties were not fulfilled in the best manner for hastening my promotion: I became the standing joke of the standing army, at least of such part of it as garrisoned Coblenz. When the band struck up on the Parade I began to revolve. I gave the word of command "Waltz!" instead of "Wheel!" On another occasion, when Captain Stumbké, at his rejoining the

regiment, approached to embrace me, I seized him by the waist and actually turned him round in presence of the whole battalion! Never was such a delirium! But it was too sweet to last. One morning the telegraph on Ehrenbreitstein, with its arms all abroad, began to make signals; which my fond fancy merely converted into an invitation to the other telegraph on the top of the Palace, to come and waltz with it: there was, however, a darker purport in its motions. Our battalion was ordered to Posen!

I had danced into delight, and was now doomed to march out of it. On consideration, I determined to break my mind to Christina before I went; but no opportunity offered, and with my heart broken instead of my mind, I turned my back to Coblenz and the treasure it contained. My waltzing was over. One good turn deserves another, but, in doubt whether that good turn would ever come, I went on, without a single spin, to our journey's end.

I found the Polish city the same that I had left it; but every trace of gaiety was gone. I still went, it is true, to balls where waltzes, gallopes, and mazurkas.

were danced ; but I went in boots up to my knees. I had made a vow never to waltz again ; and was keeping it better than vows are generally observed, when an event occurred that set me spinning again as fast as ever!—It was Christina herself, who entered the ball-room in the train of the Princess L****! I could have eaten my long boots without sauce! At any rate I wished them successively on the legs of every ugly villain that danced with her. To go the whole length of a confession, I almost wished her a mild sprained ankle herself! It went against me to look on ; and as fast as the giddy pair whirled one way, as swiftly in mere contrariness I seemed to spin with a reverse motion. Formerly I was a happy humming-top ;—I was now a whipping-top, lashed by the unsparing hand of jealousy till I reeled again! Possibly I should have ended, like certain rotary fireworks, with an explosion,—at all events I should have flown off to my quarters, when a few gracious words from the Princess converted the centrifugal into a centripetal impulse. It was an invitation to a dinner and ball on the succeeding Sunday, at which my former partner

would be present. Christina herself condescended to express pleasure in the prospect of meeting me there ; and when I ventured to solicit her promise, engaged herself to dance with me, as I fancied, with a slight blush. Gracious heavens ! how I spun !—or else I had become conscious of the earth's revolution ! I whirled home without feeling my long boots, or the legs that were in them,—I was a spirit,—something ethereal—a zephyr waltzing with a zephyr, in a gentle whirlwind, that carried us up, spirally, even into the seventh heaven ! Again Christina and Hope were one and the same person. I went to bed, and dreamt that having offered in a waltz, and been accepted in a waltz, we waltzed off to the altar together.

Never were six such long days invented as ushered in the blessed Sunday. However, they were so tedious that they wore themselves out at last ; and exactly as the clock struck three,—lovers are never late—I found myself at the Chateau, or rather in its Park, in which, having come too early, I preferred to amuse myself till the company arrived. I should have been in time if my horse had walked ; but he had galloped :—I

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A BARE POSSIBILITY.

seemed destined to prove in my own person that in much haste there is little speed.

The weather was warm, and I was still warmer ; my face, as I looked at it, in a secluded lake, to which I had sauntered, was as hot and flushed as if I had just waltzed with a bear. I looked at my watch, and then at the water, blue as the sky itself, and studded with snow-white lilies ;—the very reeds bowed invitingly, and seemed to whisper, “ Pray, walk in ! ” It was irresistible. In a trice, I was stripped, and luxuriating in the cool element. After lingering a little at the brim to enjoy an air bath, I struck out towards the middle, now diving like a wild duck, and then springing like a trout, or sailing away after a prize lily. 'Twas delicious!—Lovely nameless Naiad!—thanks for that refreshing embrace! Thanks for the present of those white porcelain lily-cups! Thanks for the vocal melody of thy reeds! A thousand thanks for that liquid, azure, heaven!—but, oh!—a thousand thousand, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, decillions of thanks backwards—yea, hot, fervent, earnest, and bitter maledictions for all the rest!

“ The Leech was sent, but not in mercy there ! ”

The first step I made out of the water disclosed my fate! Sharp as is the bite of the blut-egel, on land, when we are, perhaps, nervously expecting it, I had never noticed it in swimming; partly from a certain chilly numbness, partly from the constant muscular exertion, and partly from the frequent pricking of the broken reeds. A glance sufficed. There they were, a set of cuppers on each calf! As yet I could scarcely have lost a thimble-full of the vital fluid; but I felt as faint, as sick, and as ready to fall full length on the ground, as if I had lost quarts of it!

The first dinner-bell sounded. It was no time to be nice, and I tore off one or two of the blood-suckers by force; but the flow of gore that followed proved to me that I had better have left them alone. Then I tried to shake them off by dancing, and had they been each a tarantula, they could not have bitten me into more frantic capering. But they held on like sailors in a storm. I looked at my legs and raved! I thought of Christina and groaned! In the folly of desperation I gnashed my teeth at the leeches, and shook my fist at them, and then, trying my very useless powers of persuasion, I apostrophised them, "suck, suck, suck, ye

vipers!—suck! suck! suck! suck!” But the vipers were in no such hurry as mine;—they pumped on quite composedly, and seemed only intent on filling out every wrinkle of their skins, in order that I might admire the detestably beautiful pattern down their abominable backs! I all but blasphemed! I cursed the weather, the water, the lilies, the leeches,—and then my own self for going in,—and still more for coming out. I never thought of the cramp, or I should have cursed it too for not seizing me in the middle of the lake!

The second bell sounded—like a deathbell:—and there was I, as effectually pinioned and fastened to the spot by a few paltry vermin, as Gulliver by the Lilliputians. Methought I beheld my empty chair on one side of Christina, and, on the other, a hatefully well-made fellow, with an odious handsome face, and a disgustingly sweet voice and manner, endeavouring to make amends for my absence. I stormed, raved, tore my hair, and even wept for vexation. In the paroxysm of my despair, I prayed for wooden legs!

Hitherto the sounds from the Chateau had nothing

personal in their character ; but, now, they pointedly addressed themselves to me. First I heard the clang of a gong ; then the flourish of a hunting-horn ; next the recal upon the bugle ; and, finally, a general shout, in which my distempered fancy seemed to detect the clear sweet voice of Christina above all the rest ! I wonder, with water so handy, I did not commit suicide. But a sort of resignation, very different from the marble Resignation which typified Count Pfefferheim leaning over his departed lady, had taken possession of me. It was grim and gloomy—I had resolved to try patience, a catholicon plaster, efficacious in every possible case, with the sole drawback that nobody can get it to stick on. For my own part, I soon gave up the remedy. I happened to remember the trouble I endured, when I really wanted leeches, to make them bite, and I could emulate Job no longer. I wished—in such ecstasies we do not look before we leap in wishing,—that I had been affected with Hydrophobia, ere that fatal bath—that I had been turned into a serpent at Schlangenbad, or boiled to rags in the Kochbrunnen at Wiesbaden !



A FINISHED DRAWING.

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“ I WISH I COULD SELL OUT ! ”

At last the clangour ceased ; but in lieu of it, I heard the servants running about beating the wood for me, and calling me by name. If I had been wise I should have answered ;—but I was now worked up to the frenzy fit of nervousness ; I felt my situation, except in my own eyes, sufficiently ludicrous ;—and I dreaded lest some mischievous wag, or, perhaps, rival, should delight to exhibit me in a ridiculous light to Christina. In truth, I should have been, if discovered, a laughable figure enough. To save time

eventually, I had dressed myself so far as I could—conceive, then, a gentleman, in full uniform above, even to his cocked hat, but below, perfectly bare legged, with three leeches hanging to one limb, and four to the other! I should think no criminal ever felt more anxious of concealment than I did as I took refuge amongst the tallest reeds!

To pass the time, I had no better amusement than to watch the leeches, how they swelled and filled, and, finally, rolled off, gorged with my precious blood, a pailful of which I would rather have shed for my country at any convenient time and place! And Christina—what could she think of my absence? Why, she could only look upon me, as I looked on my leeches, with aversion and disgust,—whilst her infernal neighbour, the Colonel, in the splendid uniform of the Royal Guard, for such I painted him, became every moment more agreeable. Of the next five minutes I have no mental record; my impression is, that I was stark, staring, raving, rampant, mad!

At length the last of my tormentors fell off,—and when he touched the ground, as I had served all his

fellows, I weaned him with a stone from ever sucking again. It was a poor revenge, for, after death, they bequeathed to me a new misery. The blood would not cease flowing, even though I plucked all the nap off one side of my hat to apply to the wounds. I forgot how it would look afterwards stripped of its felt. I was famished besides—but my cruellest hunger was in my heart. Oh! Christina!—It seemed an age, ere at last I dared to creep gingerly into my white Kerseymeres! My watch marked it to have been but three hours!

I returned to the Chateau at the pace of a hearse; fearing to put one foot before the other, and looking sharply every other step at my legs. As for the anticipated celestial waltz—I seemed doomed to make one of that dreary corps of long-visaged gentlemen who prefer to look on. I arrived, however, stainless, spotless,—only I was obliged to keep one side of my hat to myself. An attempt was made to rally me on my absence; but my excuse of having lost myself in the forest passed off very currently; and a tray was ordered for my refreshment. But I was unable to eat

a morsel; I could only fill a glass of wine to pledge Christina, who had not shown any sign of resentment; on the contrary, she appeared to commiserate my wanderings in the wild woods. In the mean time the ball began. As I entered the room, in a blaze of light, I *fancied* that every eye was directed towards my legs: my head swam, and for a minute I seemed waltzing with the whole assembly at once! Christina looked twice reproachfully towards me, ere with the air of a matrimonial martyr saluting his destined bride, I went up and claimed her hand. The music struck up; we began to waltz, at least *she* did, turning me round with her, as though she had been practising the dance for the first time with a lay-figure. Stiffly and coldly as I moved, methought I felt the circulation in every vein and artery, becoming more and more rapid from even such gentle exercise. At last the whirl ceased, and we sate down again side by side. How I wished for the despised long boots up to the knees, in which I might have chatted at my ease! It was impossible. I never opened my lips except to say yes and no, in the wrong place; sometimes where I should have answered I was

mute. One little stain of the slightest possible tinge of crimson, which no eye but my own would have detected, absorbed my whole soul. I was suffering the unspeakable tortures of the murderer, conscious that his secret blood-guiltiness was on the eve of coming to light!

The gentle Christina, after the first waltz, in consideration perhaps of my supposed long ramble in the forest, had expressed her intention of not dancing any more during the evening: a little stir now made me look, and—the fiends seize him!—a tall handsome Colonel, in the splendid dress uniform of the Royal Guard, exactly such a figure as my jealous fancy had formerly depicted, was leading her out to dance! The music played a waltz. They turned, they spun, they flew round, in each other's arms—giving me a turn also till my very soul became sick and dizzy! My eyes grew dim,—I could no longer see—but I heard her frequent “ja! ja! ja!” and her light laugh!

I wish Doctor Krankengraber could have seen the plight I was in at that moment, merely through bath-

ing, according to his detestable rule. Oh that he could have felt my burning temples, my throbbing pulse, my palpitating heart! Had that floor before me been a pond, I verily believe I should have practically illustrated his "Immersion deeply Considered" with my pockets full of stones. I once or twice endeavoured to catch the eye of Christina, but in vain. I addressed her, and she looked as coldly on me as one of our kachel-ofens* on a born Englishman!

I would fain have sought an explanation; but this haughty treatment sealed my lips. I no longer attributed her estrangement to any other cause than the imputed fickleness of the sex. Muttering something to the Princess about indisposition I left her ball, without blessing it, and flew home. Three days later I was again at her Chateau, determined to decide my fate. Christina had quitted Posen! In two short months afterwards the Berlin Gazette informed me that she was married to a Colonel of the Royal Guard.

I never beheld her again: but a she cousin of mine,

* A German stove, cased with white tiles.

who was her bosom friend and confidant, in after years, thought proper, amongst other matters of feminine curiosity, to inquire on what grounds her unfortunate kinsman had been repelled. The answer she did me the favour to extract, and kindly sent it to me, by way of a correction, and a guide, probably, should I ever dream of addressing a lady again. The reader is welcome to partake of the document: it runs thus:—

“ You ask me, dearest Bettine, why I did not like your cousin Albrecht? Under the seal of our sisterly confidence, I will frankly confess to you, that it was through no fault of mine. I will even own to something like a preference, up to that memorable evening at the Princess L.'s. I had there determined to watch him narrowly, to observe every light and shade of his character—and you know the result. Did you ever hear of the young Count Schönborn; and the egregious personal vanity which brought him to his fate? Suspected of correspondence with the revolted Poles, he disappeared, and according to the custom with deserters, a vilely daubed effigy, with his name at full length under it, was suspended on the public gallows. He:

was still skulking in disguise at Berlin, and might doubtless have effected his escape—but shocked at the libellous picture that professed to represent him, he was actually arrested one morning, at the first dawn of light, brush and palette in hand, painting up the odious portrait to something more resembling the personal attractions of the original! And now for our Albrecht. Conceive him sitting languishingly—a Narcissus without his pond—seeing nothing, admiring nothing, but his own certainly well-turned legs! Fancy him stretching them, crossing them, ogling them in all possible attitudes,—taking back and front views of them, and along the outer or inner side. Imagine him coquetting with them, carelessly dropping a handkerchief over them, as if to veil their beauties; sliding his enamoured hand down them by turns,—and then, with great reluctance brought to dance on them, if dancing it might be called, so languidly, as if he feared to wear out the dear delicate limbs by the exertion. Suppose him afterwards, relapsing into his former self-contemplation, so exclusively, as to neglect the common politeness of an answer even to a question from a

lady—and a lady to whom he professed to show particular attention. And now, dearest and best Bettine, you have my secret. It is very well to marry a man with handsome legs, but one would not choose to have them always running in his head.”



PALFY'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE BLUE BOAR.

'Tis known to man, 'tis known to woman,
 'Tis known to all the world in common,
 How politics and party strife
 Vex public, even private, life ;
 But, till some days ago, at least
 They never worried brutal beast.

I wish you could have seen the creature,
 A tame domestic boar by nature,
 Gone wild as boar that ever grunted,
 By Baron Hoggerhausen hunted.
 His back was up, and on its ledge
 The bristles rose like quickset hedge ;
 His eye was fierce and red as coal,
 Like furnace, shining through a hole,
 And restless turn'd for mischief seeking ;
 His very hide with rage was reeking ;

And oft he gnash'd his crooked tusks,
Chewing his tongue instead of husks,
Till all his jaw was white and yeasty,
Showing him savage, fierce, and resty.

And what had caus'd this mighty vapour?
A dirty fragment of a paper,
That in his rambles he had found,
Lying neglected on the ground ;
A relic of the Morning Post,
Two tattered columns at the most,
But which our irritated swine
(Deriv'd from Learned Toby's line)
Digested easy as his meals,
Like any quidnunc Cit at Peel's.

He read, and mused, and pored and read,
His shoulders shrugged, and shook his head ;
Now at a line he gave a grunt,
Now at a phrase took sudden stunt,
And snorting turn'd his back upon it,
But always came again to con it ;
In short he petted up his passion,
After a very human fashion,

When Temper's worried with a bone
She'll neither like nor let alone.
At last his fury reach'd the pitch
Of that most irritating itch,
When mind and will, in fever'd faction,
Prompt blood and body into action ;
No matter what, so bone and muscle
May vent the frenzy in a bustle ;
But whether by a fight or dance
Is left to impulse and to chance.
So stood the Boar, in furious mood
Made up for any thing but good ;
He gave his tail a tighter twist,
As men in anger clench the fist,
And threw fresh sparkles in his eye
From the volcano in his fry—
Ready to raze the parish pound,
To pull the pigsty to the ground,
To lay 'Squire Giles, his master, level,
Ready, indeed, to play the devil.

So, stirred by raving demagogues,
I've seen men rush, like rabid dogs,

Stark staring from the Pig and Whistle
And like his Boarship, in a bristle,
Resolv'd unanimous on rumpus
From any quarter of the compass ;
But whether to duck Aldgate Pump,
(For wits in madness never jump)
To liberate the beasts from Cross's ;
Or hiss at all the Wigs in Ross's ;
On Waithman's column hang a weeper ;
Or tar and feather the old sweeper ;
Or break the panes of landlord scurvy,
And turn the King's Head topsy-turvy ;
Rebuild, or pull down, London Wall ;
Or take his cross from old Saint Paul ;
Or burn those wooden Highland fellows,
The snuff-men's idols, 'neath the gallows ;
None fix'd or cared—but all were loyal
To one design—a battle royal.

Thus stood the Boar, athirst for blood,
Trampling the Morning Post to mud,
With tusks prepar'd to run a-muck ;—
And sorrow for the mortal's luck

That came across him Whig or Tory,
It would have been a tragic story—
But fortune interposing now,
Brought Bessy into play—a Sow ;—
A fat, sleek, philosophic, beast,
That never fretted in the least,
Whether her grains were sour or sweet,
For grains are grains, and she could eat.
Absorb'd in two great schemes capacious,
The farrow, and the farinaceous,
If cares she had, they could not stay,
She drank, and *wash'd* them all away.
In fact this philosophic sow
Was very like a German frow ;
In brief—as wit should be and fun,—
If sows turn Quakers, she was one ;
Clad from the duckpond, thick and slab,
In bran-new muddy suit of drab.

To still the storm of such a lubber,
She came like oil—at least like blubber—
Her pigtail of as passive shape
As ever droop'd o'er powder'd nape ;

TO NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



JEWISH DISABILITIES—FIRST REMOVE.

Her snout, scarce turning up—her deep
Small eyes half settled into sleep ;
Her ample ears, dependent, meek,
Like fig-leaves shading either cheek ;
Whilst, from the corner of her jaw,
A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,
Protruded,—as the Dove, so stanch
For Peace, supports an olive-branch,—
Her very grunt, so low and mild,
Like the soft snoring of a child,
Inquiring into his disquiets,
Serv'd like the Riot Act, at riots,—
He laid his restive bristles flatter,
And took to arguefy the matter.

“ O Bess, O Bess, here's heavy news !
They mean to 'mancipate the Jews !
Just as they turn'd the blacks to whites,
They want to give them equal rights,
And, in the twinkling of a steeple,
Make Hebrews quite like other people.
Here, read—but I for get your fetters,
You've studied litters more than letters.”

“ Well,” quoth the Sow, “ and no great miss,
I’m sure my ignorance is bliss ;
Contentedly I bite and sup,
And never let my flare flare-up ;
Whilst you get wild and fuming hot—
What matters Jews be Jews or not ?
Whether they go with beards like Moses,
Or barbers take them by the noses,
Whether they live, permitted dwellers,
In Cheapside shops, or Rag Fair cellars,
Or climb their way to civic perches,
Or go to synagogues or churches ?”

“ Churches !—ay there the question grapples ,
No, Bess, the Jews will go to Chappell’s !”

“ To chapel—well—what’s that to you ?
A Berkshire Boar, and not a Jew ?
We pigs,—remember the remark
Of our old drover Samuel Slark,
When trying, but he tried in vain,
To coax me into Sermon Lane,
Or Paternoster’s pious Row,—
But still I stood and grunted No !

Of Lane of Creed an equal scorner,
 Till bolting off, at Amen Corner,
 He cried, provok'd at my evasion,
 ' Pigs, blow 'em ! ar'nt of no persuasion ! ' ' .

“ The more 's the pity, Bess,—the more —
 Said, with sardonic grin, the Boar ;
 “ If Pigs were Methodists and Bunyans,
 They'd make a sin of sage and onions ;
 The curse of endless flames endorse
 On every boat of apple-sauce ;
 Give brine to Satan, and assess
 Blackpuddings with bloodguiltiness ;
 Yea, call down heavenly fire and smoke
 To burn all Epping into coke ! ”

“ Ay,” cried the Sow, extremely placid,
 In utter contrast to his acid,
 “ Ay, that would be a Sect indeed !
 And every swine would like the creed,
 The sausage-making curse and all ;
 And should some brother have a call,
 To thump a cushion to that measure,
 I would sit under him with pleasure ;

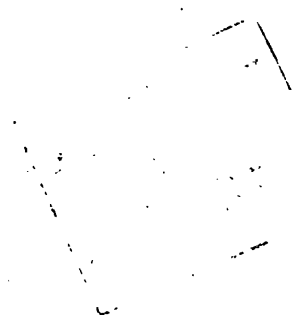
Nay, put down half my private fortune
 T' endow a chapel at Hog's Norton.—
 But what has this to do, my deary,
 With their new Hebrew whigmaleery?"

"Sow that you are! this Bill, if current,
 Would be as good as our death-warrant;—
 And, with its legislative friskings,
 Loose twelve new tribes upon our griskins!
 Unjew the Jews, what follows then?
 Why, they'll eat pork like other men,
 And you shall see a Rabbi dish up
 A chine as freely as a Bishop!
 Thousands of years have pass'd, and pork
 Was never stuck on Hebrew fork;
 But now, suppose that relish rare
 Fresh added to their bill of fare,
 Fry, harslet, pettitoes, and chine,
 Leg, choppers, bacon, ham, and loin,
 And then, beyond all goose or duckling"—

"Yes, yes—a little tender suckling!
 Or Pst be held the aptest savour
 But stike the eager mouth to slaver!



BACON IS IN DEMAND—BRISTLES ARE GETTING UP—THERE IS A FULL SUPPLY OF BARK, AND IVORY IS RATHER BRISK—HIDES ARE HELD FIRMLY—TALLOW IS FLAT, AND THERE IS A RISE IN TIMBER.



Merely to look on such a gruntling,
A plump, white, sleek and sappy runtling,
It makes one—ah ! remembrance bitter !
It made me eat my own dear litter !”

“ Think, then, with this new waken'd fury,
How we should fare if tried by *Jewry* !
A pest upon the meddling Whigs !
There 'll be a pretty run on pigs !
This very morn a Hebrew brother,
With three hats stuck on one another,
And o'er his arm a bag, or poke,
A thing pigs never find a joke,
Stopp'd,—rip the fellow ?—though he knew
I've neither coat to sell nor shoe,
And cock'd his nose—right at me, lovey !
Just like a pointer at a covey !

To set our only friends agin us !
That neither care to fat nor thin us !
To boil, to broil, to roast, or fry us,
But act like real Christians by us !—
A murrain on all legislators !
Thin wash, sour grains, and rotten 'taters !

A bulldog at their ears and tails !
The curse of empty troughs and pails
Famish their flanks as thin as weasels !
May all their children have the measles ;
Or in the straw untimely smother,
Or make a dinner for the mother !
A cartwhip for all law inventors !
And rubbing-posts stuck full of tenters !
Yokes, rusty rings, and gates, to hitch in,
And parish pounds to pine the flitch in,
Cold, and high winds, the Devil send 'em—
And then may Sam the Sticker end 'em !”

’Twas strange to hear him how he swore !
A Boar will curse, though like a boar,
While Bess, like Pity, at his side
Her swine-subduing voice supplied !
She bade him such a rage discard ;
That anger is a foe to lard ;
’Tis bad for sugar to get wet,
And quite as bad for fat to fret ;
“ Besides,”—she argued thus at last—
“ The Bill you fume at has not pass’d,

TO THE
MEMBER
LIBRARY

AMERICAN AND
TILLEN FOUNDATIONS



"THEY'VE THROWN OUT THE BILL!"

For why, the Commons and the Peers
Have come together by the ears :
Or rather, as we pigs repose,
One's tail beside the other's nose,
And thus, of course, take adverse views
Whether of Gentiles or of Jews.
Who knows? They say the Lords' ill-will
Has thrown out many a wholesome Bill,
And p'rhaps some Peer to Pigs propitious
May swamp a measure so *Jew-dish-us!*"

The Boar was conquer'd: at a glance,
He saw there really was a chance—
That as the Hebrew nose is hooked,
The Bill was equally as crooked ;
And might outlast, thank party embers,
A dozen tribes of Christian members ;—
So down he settled in the mud,
With smoother back, and cooler blood,
As mild, as quiet, a Blue Boar,
As any over tavern-door.

MORAL.

The chance is small that any measure
Will give all classes equal pleasure ;
Since Tory Ministers or Whigs,
Sometimes can't even please the Pigs.



RUNNING FOR THE OAKS.

A LETTER FROM AN ABSENTEE.



POSTE RESTANTE.

ABOUT two years since, a great sensation was created in the neighbourhood of Hatfield, Herts, by the sudden departure of a gentleman who had long resided in the vicinity, at a shooting-box called the Grange. So abrupt was his retreat, that his intimates

and neighbours only became aware of it by calling upon him, and finding no one at home but the bailiff; who informed them that Mr. Charles De la Motte had gone off he did not know where, nor for how long, and that the Grange was to be let for the season. So mysterious a flight of course gave birth to a great deal of local speculation at the time; but, like other popular topics, it got much the worse for wear; and in the course of a few weeks the name of the fugitive was scarcely remembered. His long absence and utter silence, however, alarmed his friends; and the next of kin to the property was becoming particularly anxious as to the fate of his relative, when the general solicitude was opportunely relieved by the receipt of the following letter from the missing gentleman.

To Willman Playfair, Esq., Hawkester.

MY DEAR WILLMAN,

Time, who brings down all things, has I hope ere this killed your resentment, or at least winged it, so that it does not take quite so high a flight, as it did, doubtless, when you discovered that I had

gone off, like the cockney's gun, without a word of warning to my best friend. The first explosion must have been awful! Your temper was always very like Hall's "*quick-firing*" gunpowder; and you took care to keep it dry and ready for use. Thousands of miles off, I have fancied the effects of the burst; my poor character quite blackened, lying about in a hundred fragments, without the least feature of an old friend or a good fellow to be made out from them. This was the only dismemberment (to flatter you) which gave me any pain or concern. Of course there were plenty of charitable persons ready to invent criminal reasons for my going off; but I trusted that even their judgments would come to rights when they found that no tradesman had lost his money nor any gentleman his wife. I had never been a banker nor a tax-gatherer, nor in receipt of the parochial funds. It was only in the articles of friendship and confidence that I was a defaulter; and here I must crave your pardon; urging, however, certain circumstances in extenuation. My *secret* may now be divulged, when the event has stamped the character of the

enterprise. You know how men become traitors, or rebels, according to the success of their attempts ; and the design, the execution of which now affords me such pride and pleasure, would, untried, have been denounced as a scheme founded on extreme weakness. To be sure it was a weakness that besets very great men,—ambition : but how the walls of your snuggery would have rung again with laughter, had I confessed beforehand the nature of my aspirings : that my topmost aim, which was directed all across the Atlantic, was to—shoot an elk ! To think of me, a young bachelor not absolutely frightful, and well to do in the world—who might settle down whenever he chose in domestic felicity, or look forward to make a figure in Parliament, to think of my leaving behind all the delectables of courting, marrying, spouting, and franking, encountering all the dangers and disagreeables of the sea, at the risk besides of being set down for a murderer, seducer, swindler, heaven knows what,—for the purpose of killing *a coarser kind of venison!* Your reason would have recoiled and kicked at the idea ! At present we stand upon other terms.



ANIMAL SPIRITS.

TO THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

I *have* shot my elk ; and, should you think lightly of such a feat, I can retort proudly, with my muzzle in the air, "Go and do it yourself if you can !" Had I failed, 'twas another thing. You remember how we roasted poor Hawkins, who, led by an ambition with which I can sympathise, when Cross was obliged to order military execution on Chuny, paid his two guineas for a shot at the elephant, and missed?

Should you still sneer at my expedition, and determine to run me down, I can take shelter like a hunted deer, amongst a herd of authorities. I may be the greatest of the sort, but not the first ; Lord John Russell, Professor Wilson, Waterton, Audubon, Washington Irving, Colonel Hawker, and many others, are not a bad fellowship to fall into ; and each has, like myself, endeavoured to shoot his elk. By this phrase I do not literally mean the killing of an animal of the deer kind, some eight or ten feet high, but the bringing down of some object bigger than ever we brought down before. This was my mainspring in my expedition. Before you undervalue its strength, pray just read an excellent article, in a by-gone num-

ber of Blackwood, called, "Christopher in his Shooting Jacket," and then compare it with your own experience. How eloquently the author describes the Shooter's Progress, from popping a tomtit off a twig, to killing a Hooper on a lake! The gradual climb from sparrow-hail up to swan-shot! By the way, the shot-manufacturers, no shots probably themselves, number their pellets most unphilosophically, *backwards*. Dust ought to be number one!

The celebrated line, "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," so often quoted, has no relish for a true lover of the trigger, nor, indeed, for a sportsman of any class whatever. I shall never forget the wry face with which Tom Pope received a proposition to look in at Carpenter's Solar Microscope! He did not care to learn that there are swimming things in water too small to rise at a midge or to take a mite. When he was a boy he was fond of sniggling for eels; as a man he longs, and has actually sailed—to tackle the American Sea-Serpent!

The reverend Richard Rodwell, an old crony of Tom's—a member of the same club, and a celebrated

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ANIMALS—AFTER LANDSEER.

troller, never thought any pike big enough that he pulled out, till he met with one that pulled him in, and by the last accounts I had of him, he was off to the Liffy after salmon : 'twas in the regular course of things. I remember, when I had caught stickle-backs with a bent minikin, how soon I got to a crooked corking-pin, to hook the minnows with ; nor can I forget the great jump by which, skipping gudgeons, bleak, and other small fry, I fished all at once for jack ! The earlier tiny gradations were discarded. If you look at a foot-rule, the first inch is generally divided and subdivided into fourths and eighths, but the other eleven mark nothing smaller than halves. So it is in sporting : we step at the commencement, but stride afterwards. To give a notable case in point : Anderson, after leistering keppers on the Tweed, overlooking sharks, dolphins, and other middlings, was, when I left England, whaling-mad ; and by this time, probably, the bran-new harpoon I saw hanging over his mantel-shelf has been buried in blubber.

To turn to shooting — look at the gun itself ! If the best-informed persons speak correctly on the subject,

the barrel at each discharge *expands*; that is to say, the fowling-piece endeavours as far as in it lies to become a cannon. The man who carries the gun is manufactured of something like the same metal. He craves, at every shot almost, for bigger game; some huge thing, that he may "shatter all its *bulk* and end its being." At the very time that he is taking aim at a hawk, he wishes it was an eagle. *Apropos de bottea*. Audubon, in words that breathe and burn, has given a thrilling description of his ecstasy on knocking down a Golden Eagle with his rifle; but is he content, at this present moment, with that new feather in his cap? Quite the reverse. It is well known that on the completion of his truly splendid Ornithological Work, he intends an oriental voyage in the track of Sindbad, half believing, and three quarters hoping, that the existence of that stupendous bird, the *Boc*, is not a fable.

If you ever knew anything of Lloyd, you ought to know that it was his casually being the happy instrument in shooting a rabid Newfoundland, that first gave him the hint of going to Norway to put bullets

into bears. To take a jump to politics, in application of the same principle, is it not probable that the troubling the rabbits about Woburn, in his boyhood, gave a certain noble lord in after life the relish for driving bigger animals out of bigger boroughs? Nothing more likely: especially if you call to mind the magnificent wish of Jack Langton, when the working "the cats" in his Essex warrens began to get stale with him. But perhaps you have forgotten it. 'Twas neither more nor less, than that he could "ferret the Thames Tunnel with a Crocodile, and bolt Hippopotami!"

May my own Elk-hobby now venture to hold up its diminished head? Or must I intrench myself behind fresh examples? I will, at all events, place between us that of Washington Irving. When I read his quietly exulting record of killing his buffalo, I would have wagered a hundred to one that he would never rest content with that single exploit, in spite of his professions to the contrary. And I should have won. Here he is, in snow-shoes, with his rifle on full cock, and as Elk-jealous of me as man can be.

Supposing him to have done the trick, will he rest even there? The question equally touches your humble servant; and, between ourselves, till I be fairly shipped for England, I shall not feel myself secure from further wanderings. Suppose, that in a fresh access of the sporting appetite, which "grows by that it feeds on," the American Geoffrey and myself should plunge into the depths of his native forests, hoping in some hitherto untrodden recess to find living specimens of those surpassing monsters whereof we have as yet seen only the organic remains? The great Crayon may now feel above drawing a badger, but could he resist the temptation of sketching a Mammoth? As for myself, a mere wind from the Back Woods that whispered of a Megatherium, would be sure to turn my nose in that direction like a weathercock's.

The last time I was at Brighton, some kind friend, whose name I do not exactly recollect, took me over to Lewes with him, to see the museum of Mr. Gideon Mantell, so rich in fossil relics, including the gigantic Iguanodon, discovered in Tilgate Forest. Shall I



A MAGNUM BONUM.

TO NEW YORK
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APR 4 1944
THE NEW YORK TIMES

confess to you, that instead of the lively pleasure which the sight seemed to afford to others, it made me only mute and melancholy. I felt nothing but envy of those early Nimrods who had such Elks of their own to go forth against, conquering and to conquer. What a pity that they did not *preserve* their game—that they should eat up all their cake at once, as we have since done with the bustard, instead of leaving some of the breed for a future day! There was but one person present who seemed to sympathise with my feeling—who I understood was Mr. Waterton. A process parallel to mine was clearly going on in his head; he looked from one gigantic skeleton to another, clothing it, in his mind's eye, with flesh and muscle, and skin, or scales: but when he came to the Titanic Iguanodon, an animal of the lizard kind, four times as large as the largest crocodile, it was evidently a teaser to him. "Zounds!" he exclaimed, "the alligator I broke in, and rode upon, was a dwarf to this! There is another stage for me still! I have been performing among the minors!"

Are you yet satisfied? or must I appeal to yourself?

Did you not then wish your first sparrow a partridge, your partridge a pheasant? Nay, did you not once upon a time exchange your single barrel for a double—your duck-gun for a swivel? Many mickles make a muckle; and a score or two of ducks and flappers at one shot, was for the time *your* Elk. It was thus that, hopeless of a mammoth, the veteran, Colonel Hawker, wished for an equivalent, in the shape of a thousand or two of the American wood-pigeons, which were flying over his head in columns twenty miles long by five in width. He had been aiming at them for a minute or so, with the fore-finger of his left hand, the thumb serving for a trigger, when the irresistible wish came across him—"Oh that I had Hall's powder-mills here, with the patent shot manufactory on the top of them, to let fly at ye!"

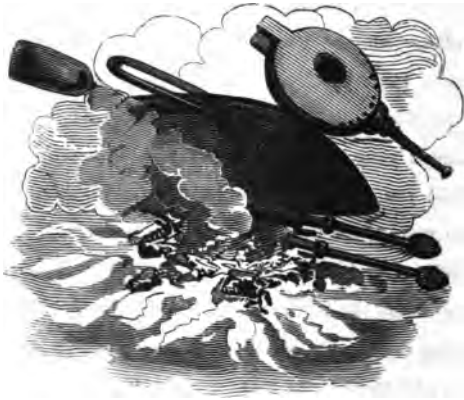
It was whilst killing a buck in Cashiobury Park, that I first longed to shoot an Elk. I warrant the game-keeper, as we looked at the dead deer, set me down for an idiot, when I pronounced it a very little one: but my mind was possessed by the other image. The ideal animal thenceforward haunted me night and

day ; sometimes standing at bay, sometimes springing at me, and, like Esop's brutes, it had the gift of human speech, perpetually crying out, "Come, and kill me!" It became a monomania. I felt that I could only put an end to the fiction by making it a reality—and the deed is done. Oh! that you could have seen him spring ten feet upwards, and then fall headlong on the trampled snow! But I will not forestal my narrative. Pen and paper are too tame for it—you shall have it hot from my lips! So pray compose your risible muscles against my return: or should you feel them tickling, remember there have been more Quixotic expeditions than mine, and worse objects of ambition, than shooting Elks. You had better break the truth to my friends at Hatfield before I come home: but, mind, with no ridiculous inventions tacked to it, to make me the laughing-stock of the place. Tell George he shall have a hoof. I shall not be long after my letter in coming to hand—Till when I am, my dear Willman,

Yours ever truly,

C. DE LA MOTTE.

P. S. Ten-Garters, the Indian, has brought an account that some monstrous beast,—nobody knows what,—has been seen about twenty leagues to the northward. I am just going to set off with him, and a number of other hunters, in pursuit of it. Who knows? It may, perhaps, be a Megatherium!



PHENIX DOMESTICUS.

LOVE LANE.

If I should love a maiden more,
 And woo her ev'ry hope to crown,
 I'd love her all the country o'er,
 But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,
 That held a hornet's nest within,
 To Ellen on my knees I sank,—
 How snakes will twine around the shin !

A bashful fear my soul unnerv'd,
 And gave my heart a backward tug ;
 Nor was I cheer'd when she observ'd,
 Whilst I was silent,—“ What a slug !”


At length my offer I preferr'd,
And Hope a kind reply forebode—
Alas ! the only sound I heard
Was, “ What a horrid ugly toad !”

I vow'd to give her all my heart,
To love her till my life took leave,
And painted all a lover's smart—
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve !

But when I ventur'd to abide
Her father's and her mother's grants—
Sudden, she started up, and cried,
“ O dear ! I am all over ants !”

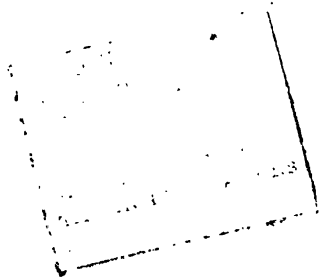
Nay, when beginning to beseech
The cause that led to my rebuff,
The answer was as strange a speech,
“ A Daddy-Longlegs sure enough !”

I spoke of fortune—house,—and lands,
And still renew'd the warm attack,—
'Tis vain to offer ladies hands
That have a spider on the back !





LOVERS' SEAT.



'Tis vain to talk of hopes and fears,
And hope the least reply to win,
From any maid that stops her ears
In dread of earwigs creeping in !

'Tis vain to call the dearest names
Whilst stoats and weazels startle by—
As vain to talk of mutual flames,
To one with glow-worms in her eye !

What check'd me in my fond address,
And knock'd each pretty image down ?
What stopp'd my Ellen's faltering Yes ?
A caterpillar on her gown !

To list to Philomel is sweet—
To see the Moon rise silver-pale,—
But not to kneel at Lady's feet
And crush a rival in a snail !

Sweet is the eventide, and kind
Its zephyr, balmy as the south ;
But sweeter still to speak your mind
Without a chafer in your mouth !

At last, embolden'd by my bliss,
Still fickle Fortune play'd me foul,
For when I strove to snatch a kiss
She scream'd—by proxy, through an owl!

Then, Lovers, doom'd to life or death
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats,
Lest you should have in selfsame breath
To bless your fate—and curse the gnats!



BRIDGE OF SIZE.

DRINKING SONG.

By a Member of a Temperance Society, as sung by
Mr. Spring, at Waterman's Hall.

COME, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever ! that opens the plugs !

Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim !
Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim !

Let toppers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
But let us just whisper a word to the elves,
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves ?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps ;
But water's the spring of all civilised dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps* !

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard—
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard !

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast :
Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast ?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water,—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.



" WE HAVK N'T MET THIS AGE."

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

In wine let a lover remember his jewel
And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft ;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some cross'd in their passion can never o'erlook it,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam ;
Whilst temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it
By help of a little meandering stream.

Then hey for the bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.

Then hey for the bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits ;
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straights*.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"

Then hey for a bucket, &c.



MERRY AND WISE.

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

THERE is no subject more deplored in polite circles than the notorious rudeness of what is called *Civil* war. Suavity, it must be confessed, has little to do with its sharp practice; but of course the adjective was prefixed ironically; or intended only to refer to that spurious kind of civility which is professed in domestic feuds, when "my dear" is equivalent to "my devil."

It is a question, however, worthy of an enlightened age, whether Civil War might not be literally civilised, and carried on with a characteristic courtesy. Lumps, thanks to the sugar-bakers, have been refined—and why not blows?

Intestinal strife, as at present waged, is a frightful anomaly. It runs counter to every association—moral or anatomical. A well-regulated mind must be

unable to connect the idea of polite hostilities, with an unmannerly soldiery. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive an Urban Guard devoid of urbanity.

A civil war, to deserve the name and satisfy the Fancy, must have for Commander in Chief, on either side, a finished Gentleman—if of the Old School, the better—as devoted to the *suaviter in modo*, as to the *fortiter in re*. With a punctilious sense of the bland nature of the strife he is engaged in, he will make politeness the order of the day. The password will be “Sir Charles Grandison;” and should he feel compelled to publicly deliver his sentiments, he will make a genteel address do duty for an offensive manifesto. Every officer under him will rank for complaisance and amenity with a Master of the Ceremonies. His dragoons, with their best behaviours, will be mounted on well-bred horses: his cuirassiers as polished as their corslets, and as finely tempered as their swords. His infantry, all regulars, will adhere to the standards of propriety, as well as to the regimental colours: the artillery will adopt the tone of good society,—and the band will play the agreeable.



THE SEAT OF WAR.

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

AND
MUSEUM FOUNDATIONS

To prove that such a prospect is not altogether Utopian, I am happily enabled to make public the following letter, which develops at least the germ of a new system, that may hereafter make Civil War no more a misnomer than Polite Literature. It is dated from *Castille Senior*, and addressed to a public Functionary at Madrid.

(*Copy.*)

“Your Excellency,

“ I had the honour of describing in my last dispatch, a little personal rencontre with the gallant general on the other side; and I have now the pleasure of laying before you the agreeable result of another affair, of the same nature.

“ Early on the 19th instant, our picquets, with a becoming deference to their superiors, retired from the presence of a large body of cavalry, and intimated that I might shortly expect the favour of a visit. I immediately sent the light dragoons and lancers to the front, with instructions to give the gentlemen on horseback a hearty welcome, and provide as they

best could for their entertainment, till I should be prepared for their reception, as well as of any friends they might bring with them. I flattered myself, indeed, that I should enjoy the company of their whole army, and they were so good as not to disappoint me. A lively cannonade quickly announced their approach by a salute, which was cordially returned from the whole of our batteries; and then a cloud of skirmishers pushed forward to our front, and commenced a liberal exchange of compliments with our tirailleurs. Our cavalry in the mean time had sought an introduction to their horse, which was met in the handsomest manner, and many intimacies were formed, that only ended with life. The cavalry at length retired, but evidently with regret, and many reiterated promises of soon coming again.

“Their main body now appeared moving in the best disposition towards us; whilst the rifles on the flanks paid the most marked attention to our officers, who received many substantial tokens of their regard. A closer acquaintance was now sought with an empressment quite flattering; indeed it was difficult to reply



CIVIL WAR.

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BOX AND
FOUNDATION

in adequate terms to the warmth and importunity of their offers. Perceiving that we had some very heavy guns on our right, they obligingly undertook to carry them; professing at the same time a very sincere inclination to serve our light artillery. They also wished to take charge of a hill on the left that might annoy us; but had the courtesy to resign it to Colonel Bower, on a representation that the eminence was indispensable to his views. Their cavalry also endeavoured gallantly to make a favourable impression on us; and in particular evinced a lively desire to visit some of our squares; but which, on the plea of inconvenience, we found means to decline. There had manifestly been a design of dropping in upon us unprepared, but fortunately I was enabled to foil the pleasantry, and even to turn the tables upon themselves. The enemy finally gave up every point, and handsomely offered to accommodate us with the field of battle; but feeling bound in politeness to return the visit, I ordered an advance of the whole line; and we were at once hospitably permitted to enter their lines without ceremony, and make ourselves at home

in their camp. In justice to their generosity I must not omit to state that we found it abundantly provisioned—the artillery entirely placed at our command—the whole baggage devoted to our use, and even the military chest left very much at our service.

“The list of casualties is not yet made up—but I am in possession of some of the details. The 19th was politely invited to a masked battery, and a succession of balls, kept up with a spirit that the regiment, and Major Smith in particular, will long remember. Cornet Bower is deeply indebted to a lancer, who helped him off his horse; and Captain Curtis is lying under a similar obligation in the hospital. Captain Flint owes the cure of his asthma to the skill of a carbineer; and Lieutenant Power was favoured with as specific a remedy for determination of blood to the head. Colonel Boulton was handsomely presented with the freedom of the field, enclosed in a shell; and Major Brooke is absent, having received a pressing invitation that

he could not well resist—to visit the enemy's quarters.

“ I have the honour to be, &c., &c., &c.

(Signed)

MANNERS.

(Countersigned)

CHESTERFIELD.”



THE ARMY, WITH THREE TIMES THREE.

THE DESERT-BORN.

'Fly to the desert, fly with me.'—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

'Twas in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren
hills,—

To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills!—
My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my
hand,

I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous
sand,

The plummy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and
proud,—

When lo! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,
And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,
Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen!

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow;
A purple bandalette past o'er the lofty brow below,

And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewell'd
ear ;

In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cache-
mere ;

Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe
of silk

Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk ;

Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath

A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a broider d
wreath,

Compelled by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to
meet—

And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet !

Of course I bowed my lowest bow—of all the things
on earth,

The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,

To pow'r, to wealth, to genius, or to any thing uncom-
mon,

A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman* !

Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague
and undefin'd,

Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul
and mind ;

There was a something in her air that drew the spirit
nigh,
Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's
eye!
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,
I bowed my forehead to the earth, and kissed the arid
sand ;
And then I touched her garment's hem, devoutly as a
Dervise,
Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from
her face,
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her
race ;
“ Welcome ! ” she cried, as I uprose submissive to my
feet ;
“ It was ordained that you and I should in this desert
meet !
Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison
bars,
This interview was promis'd in the language of the
stars ! ”

Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding hands,
A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,
Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

“Fear nought,” exclaimed the radiant one, as I sprang off aloof,
“Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse’s hoof!
Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,
And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth.’
Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,
She cried, “Go bring the BEAUTIFUL—for lo! the MAN is here!”

Off went th’ obsequious train as swift as Arab hoofs could flee,
But Fancy fond outraced them all, with bridle loose and free,

And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian bride,

Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for sultan's side ;

Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,

Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,

A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist

Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste—Methought—but here, alas ! alas ! the airy dream to blight,

Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white !

To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,

The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse :

Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,

Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,

I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds

Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds ;—

As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one *is* a hero,

'Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.

With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes
of legs,

Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!

His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of
breath—

Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of
Death?

Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign
To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense sup-
plied :

“ Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian
bride !”

Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with
which I spoke,

Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,

So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal
stroke.

“ Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be
born,

Or any of its *ridings*, this would be a blessed morn ;

But, hapless one! I cannot ride—there 's something in
a horse

That I can always honour, but I never could endorse
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight :
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will ;
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle
On any horse without ' a want of keeping ' in the
saddle.

In short," and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my
head full low,

"I'm one of those whose infant ears have heard the
chimes of Bow!"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish
skies,

And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes ;
"Stranger," she said, " or rather say, my nearest, dearest
friend,

There's something in your eyes, your air, and that
high instep's bend,



A BANK DIRECTOR.

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OF AND
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That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your
birth,

The East it is your country ! Like an infant changed
at nurse

By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse ;
But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars
waving wild,

All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child—
The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or late,
no doubt,

The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out !
I read the starry characters—and lo ! 'tis written there,
Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this
Mare,

A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal
mould,

Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that
she was foal'd !”

And truly—I devoutly wish d a blast of the simoom
Had stifled her !—the Mare herself appeared to mock
my doom ;

With many a bound she caper'd round and round me
like a dance,

I feared indeed some wild caress would end the fearful
prance,

And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was
horrid!—

Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my
forehead!

On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands up-
rais'd in pray'r,

I begg'd the turban'd Sultanness the issue to forbear;

I painted weeping orphan babes, around a widow'd wife,

And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life;

“Behold,” I said, “a simple man, for such high feats
unfit,

Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from
the bitt,

Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian
skill,

Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the
will.”

Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,

The quadruped could not have been more cold to my
appeal!



WEIGHT FOR AGE.

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AND
COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION

“ Fear nothing,” said the smiling Fate, “when human
help is vain,
Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein ;
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark !
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the
wild
But for a mare of such descent, would barter wife and
child.”

“ Nay then,” cried I—(heav’n shrive the lie !) “ to tell
the secret truth,
'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth !
A playful child,—so full of life !—a little fair-haired boy,
His sister’s pet, his father’s hope, his mother’s darling
joy !
Ah me ! the frantic shriek she gave ! I hear it ringing
now !
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow ;
A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,
That never more these limbs of mine should mount
on living horse !”

Good heav'n! to see the angry glance that flashed upon
me now!

A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were
on my brow!

I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed
Mare,

And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd
the sultry air.

How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant
tail;

While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the
gale!

How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and
sky,

As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly!

While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before
she gave

My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave!

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play
Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden
neigh—



“TARNATION! IF HE HARN’T LEFT HIS SHADOW BEHIND!”

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Whose foot within a stable-door had never stood an
inch—

Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful
finch,—

I that had never thrown a leg across a pony small,
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall !
For oh ! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast,
Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I saw
them last !

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congealed by fears,
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my
ears ;

I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with despair,
Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers through
my hair.

I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not even
see—

A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—
I tried to pray, but found no words—tho ready ripe to
weep,

No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon began to
creep,—

When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the
front,

And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born!

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my
weight

Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve
ajar,—

“ Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his guidance
to his star!”

“ Allah! il Allah!” rose the shout,—and starting with
a bound,

The dreadful Creature cleared at once a dozen yards of
ground;

And grasping at her mane with both my cold convul-
sive hands,

Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting sands!
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,

For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal
force

Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our
course—

One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian
Sea,

The next it only murmur'd like the humming of a bee!
And when I dared at last to glance across the wild im-
mense,

Oh ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy
sense!

What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon
twain,

A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the
plain!

What tongue could tell,—what pencil paint,—what pen
describe the ride?

Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung
from side to side!

I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with
its tone—

My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden
groan—

My joints were racked—my back was strained, so firmly

I had clung—

My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten

through my tongue—

When lo!—farewell all hope of life!—she turn'd and

faced the rocks,

None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous

granite blocks!

So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride and

fire,

Deriv'd from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted

sire;

Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone,

Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd each

massive stone;—

Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge grey rock

at length

Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of

strength—

My time was come! that granite heap my monument of

death!

She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller

breath;

LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



"WE SHALL HAVE A FALL OF SOME KIND."

Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd me of
her spring,

I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—

But oh! the crash!—the hideous shock!—the million
sparks around!

Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that pro-
digious mound!

Wild shriek'd the headlong Desert-Born—or else 'twas
demon's mirth,

One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd breathless
on the earth!

* * * * *

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,
And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense;
For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, of
its own.

My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway twixt
life and death,

With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of a
breath,

Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh,
Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let me die.

Oh! slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till
morn,

Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across that waste
forlorn!

I cursed the hour that brought me first within this
world of strife—

A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—

But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his labouring
breast?

Why any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE
on his chest.



“REMEMBER—I’M OFF THE BARGAIN.”

HITCHIN HALL.



WHAT ARE YOU HAT!

THE following Correspondence speaks for itself ;
and I am enabled to say that it speaks the truth.
The letters are genuine, the names only being con-
siderately disguised. The description of Hitchin

Hall will probably remind the reader of an Insect Hospital, at Surat, described by Lieutenant Burnes ; it was evidently a House, whose members would have voted unanimously for the admission of a few *Destructives*.

No. 1.

“ To Messrs. Tuppin and Co., House Agents, Regent Street, London.

“ MR. TUPPIN,

“ Mr. Groves being blind with a sting on his eyelids, as big as a pidgeon's egg, I am necessitated to write, though unaccustomed to business, to say we can't go on suffering in silence any longer. It is more than flesh and blood can bear ; and I really wonder, Mr. Tuppin, you could allow a genteel family like ours, to domesticate themselves in Hitchin Hall. There has been *a shameful want of candour in the transaction*. Fixtures is one thing ; but 'live things is another, and I don't romance, when I say we are eaten up alive ! If the house was a pidgeon-house, we could not swarm more with fleas, and you-know-whats besides ;— and they are things I never could abide in all my days. A hint from you

would have been only civil; but as I said before, there was nothing like *candour* in the case. My daughter, Belinda, says, she is sure there are scorpions, and if you could see her inflamed calf of a leg, I am sure you would say there was something out of the common run. Matilda thinks it must be Tarantellers, and as dancing is the only cure, I have had the drawing-room carpet taken up in case; which as it was only just fitted and put down, I consider a great inconvenience, especially as a *little candour* would have saved all the trouble. Mr. Tuppin, it's one maid's work to sweep down the spiders, and the cook says she is quite sick of smashing the black beadles. I expect every day that the footman will give warning, for he is of a serious turn, and complains he can't sing his hymns in the kitchen for the crickets. The maids won't sleep in the garrets because of the death-watches in the walls; and, Mr. Tuppin, there's the moth in every cupboard in the house! It's rather hard to have a good muff and tippet ruined, and Mr. G.'s great coat besides, for want of a *little candour!* Our linen is going in

the same way. I wish you could see one of Mr. G.'s best fine shirts: they're as full of holes as a cullender, as I thought at first from the clothes-pegs; but the laundress said it was the cock-roaches, and sure enough, I found a dead one in the drawer. *Common candour* would have informed we were coming in after a West India Captain; but I suppose such matters are secrets in trade. Mr. G. is as much put out of the way as I am, for he is very particular about his cellar, and the wood-lice, or somethings, have eat all the seals off the corks, so that he knows no more than the man in the moon what he is putting before his friends. But that's not the worst. Mr. G. is not so squeamish as some people, about animalculus; but I appeal to yourself, Mr. Tuppin, if it's agreeable in dressing, as happened this very morning, to find a hundred legs in your boots?

“For my own part, it is lucky I am above interfering in the kitchen, for I can't bear a lizard, and cook says the efts come up the sink-hole, and she's positive our gnats and muskitoes are bred in the



JESSIE'S GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

cistern. As for flies, they stick to every thing as thick as currants on a bread-pudding, and the blue-bottles have blowed more meat than would keep a poor family. It's paying rather dear, Mr. Tuppin, for not meeting with a little *candour*!—and I am sorry to say we are indebted to your *closeness* for as many disappointments and disagreeables out of doors. The gardener grumbles from morning to night about his hard place, and says the blights are beyond every thing, to say nothing of sorts he never saw before. That was *candid* too!—I cannot go near my greenhouse, for it is all alive; and Barron has left off lighting the stoves in the hothouses, for the warmth hatches out such swarms of grubs, and flies, and insects, as he says would astonish your hat off your head. As the same sort of thing happened the first time we heated the oven, I don't doubt his correctness; but really, Mr. Tuppin, it's a great damp, and denial, and drawback, both to Mr. G. and myself, when we are so very fond of gardening, but of course decline enjoying only the unpleasant part of picking and scrunching. Indeed I have never set foot in the

grounds, since sitting down on the ant's nest, and our friend, Mr. Laird, says it's a species he never saw before, except in Africa. It is very pleasant, Mr. Tuppin, to be plagued with the only things of the sort in England; but of course you was not aware of the foreign ants, or *common candour* would have dictated a mention. With a proper warning before our eyes, we certainly should have never embraced such dreadful disagreeables as we suffer with; but we never had a *candid* statement of what we were to expect. As such, Mr. Tuppin, I hope you will feel due to your own character, to get the house off our hands as speedily as possible, and without any further expense to the deceived parties. In the mean time, Mr. Tuppin, regretting your *want of candour*, I remain, for Mr. G. and myself,

“Your very obedient Servant,

“MARY GROVE.

“Hitchin Hall, Herts.”

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IT'S A MERE FLEA-BITE.

No. 2.

“ To Mrs. Grove, Hitchin Hall, Herts.

“ MADAM,

“ In absence of Principals, am desired to inform, it is not customary to furnish such minute particulars as alluded to; cannot, therefore, consider candour as compromised by not including fleas, &c., in list of fixtures. Beg to say, we must decline letting again, except on usual terms, as enclosed, and am, Madam, for Tuppin and Co.,

“ Your mo. obedt. St.

“ JOHN SHORT.”

No. 3.

*“ To Samuel Pipe, Esq., Flamingo Fire Assurance
Company, Cornhill, London.*

“ SIR,

“ It is my unpleasant duty to advise you, that on the night of the 10th Inst. the messuage and tenement called Hitchin Hall, (No. 17501), was burnt down to the ground without salvage. It was formerly

in the occupation of the Hitchin Entomological Society; and the secretary, who was very curious in keeping and breeding all sorts of insects, resided on the premises. I have ascertained, beyond doubt, that the fire was caused by a pan of burning charcoal and brimstone, intended to destroy the larva, &c., being shut up in a bed-room, by the new tenants.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your very humble Servant,

“ PETER HAWKHURST.”



HEN-TOMOLOGY.

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A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.

ODE TO DOCTOR HAHNEMANN,

THE HOMŒOPATHIST.



THE QUINARY SYSTEM.

WELL, Doctor,
Great concoctor

Of medicines to help in man's distress ;
 Diluting down the strong to meek,
 And making ev'n the weak more weak,
 " Fine by degrees, and beautifully less "—
 Founder of a new system economic,
 To druggists any thing but comic ;

Fram'd the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
 At profits, like thy doses, very small ;
 To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
 Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—
 And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
 " To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
 Or, well as can expected be, with such
 A style of practice, liberally giving
 " A sum of more to that which had too much?"
 Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
 Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
 Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?
 Or hearty dinners neutralise a surfeit?
 Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
 When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
 To cry " Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
 Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
 And tell me honestly without a diddle,
 Does an attenuated dose of rosin
 Act as a *tomic* on the old *Scotch fiddle*?



THE BEST CURE FOR A COLD.

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Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,
Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges ;
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges* ?"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
A soldier pillow'd on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor ;
When lo ! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cock'd-hat adorns his head,
In short a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
To cure a horrid gaping wound,
Made by a ball that weigh'd a pound,
If he well pepper'd it with number six ?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
Within a *rope*,
Might friends not hope
To cure him with a *string* ?

Suppose his breath arriv'd at a full stop,
 The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
 Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop

Restore him ?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
 Snapping to left and right,
 And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
 Terrific sounds,

The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
 To hit the proper homœopathic mark ;
 Now, might not " the laste taste in life " of *bark*,
 Stop his *bow-wow-ing* ?

Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
 Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
 He took " *a hair*
Of the dog that bit him ?"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
 In evident emotion,
 Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
 Owing those symptoms queer—
 Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,
 Can any thing in life be more pathetic
 Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—



MR. SEBRIGHT'S HOUNDS.

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But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dos'd
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic ?

Lo! now a darken'd room !
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that coverlet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,
Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head !—

While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the
surges ;

There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging Malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial ?

Oh ! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,
And cry together, half and half,

Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
 To think, whilst I have crow'd like chanticleer,
 Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
 Hath gush'd, with my light levity at schism,

To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism !
 Perchance, on thy own system, I have giv'n
 A pang, superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,
 Who weeps with Memory from morn till even ;
 Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
 Sighing to one sad strain,
 "She will not come again,
 To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow !"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
 A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
 Inserting a few serious words by stealth ;

Above all price of wealth

*The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,
 Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
 Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.
 A heavenly gift within a holy shrine !
 To be approach'd and touch'd with serious fear,
 By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
 Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine !*

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THE WIDOW'S MITE.

But, zounds ! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diploma'd name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuffbox, powder'd wig, and
block,
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrisim,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock ;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforc'd the dial,
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen.

Take my advice, 'tis giv'n without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms
deep,
Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep !
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,
To help the interests of quacking Burkes ;
Aid not in murdering ev'n widow's mites,—

And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
I had not said so much, but that I feel
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.



BELL ON THE HAND.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE MORNING-CALL.

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveller than the approach to *Bedfordshire*. Each valley reminds him of *Sleepy Hollow*, the fleecy clouds seem like blankets, the lakes and ponds are clean sheets ; the setting sun looks like a warming-pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His travelling-cap transforms to a night-cap, the coach lining feels softlier squabbed ; the guard's horn plays "Lullaby." Every flower by the road-side is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up stairs. The lady opposite is the chamber-maid ; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers ; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great Bed, a whole County

of Down, spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in a similar mood, after a long dusty droughty dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin, at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, yawned for a glass of negus, swallowed it with my eyes shut, as though it had been "a pint of nappy," surrendered my boots, clutched a candlestick, and blundered, alipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep : and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me : I saw through a drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster : "Great Nature's second course" was spread before me ;—and I fell to without a long grace !

Here's a body—there's a bed !

There's a pillow—here's a head !

There's a curtain—here's a light ?

There's a puff—and so Good Night !

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words on the occasion ; for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning, to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could ; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued ! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part I must have slept as fast as a Cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber :—nay as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post-coach in my four-poster—or rather I must have slept “like winkin,” for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried “Sleep no more !”

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, whilst through the keyhole a ray of candlelight darted into my chamber.

“Who’s there ?”

“It’s me, your honour, I humbly ax pardon—but

somehow I've overslept myself, and the coach be gone by!"

"The devil it is!—then I have lost my place!"

"No, not exactly, your honour. She stops a bit at the Dragon, 'tother end o' the town; and if your honour wouldn't object to a bit of a run —"

"That's enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat."

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—pocketed my nightcap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, and found myself in the fresh air of the stable yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horsepond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

"And you call this waking me up—for the coach. My waistcoat!—Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and be hanged

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“ ALL RIGHT ! ”
“ NO—I’M LEFT ! ”

to you!—Confound that stone!—and give me my coat. A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I'll tell—you what. If I—run—a foot—further—”

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side, certainly stood an inn with the sign of The Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from a chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the infernal somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

“Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago—and they have all gone to bed again!”

“No, there be no coach, sure enough,” soliloquised

Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with a deprecating expression on my face. "No, there's no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honour—but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking on her, and expecting on her, and giving notice on her, every night of my life, your honour—why I sometimes dreams on her—and that's the case as is now!"



"YOU'VE WAKED ME TOO SOON,
I MUST SLUMBER AGAIN."

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE WONDERFUL DOG.

I DO NOT remember how I came to be talking of dogs to the gentleman who sat beside me on the roof of the Southampton Rocket, but I had just been relating an instance of sagacity in a terrier of my own, when the coachman looked half round, and addressed me over his shoulder.

“Pray, sir, did you happen to see the Wonderful Dog Ponto at Blackwater Fair?”

“No. I never even heard of him.”

“The more’s the pity, sir,” replied the coachman, pulling a little on his horses, “the more’s the pity, for then you’ve missed a sight such as you won’t see twice in your life, if you lived as long as Methusalem. It was worth all the money twice over, only to see him dance! None of your frenchified hanimals as

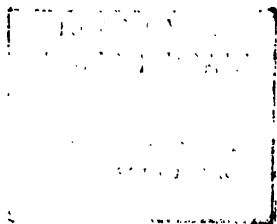
just jigs about a bit while the chap with the stick has got his eye on 'em, and then drops down agin on all-fours, but just as I might dance myself like, with all the pleasure in life, and my sweetheart a-figuring afore me!"

"Now you mention it," I answered, "I cannot recal ever seeing a dog dance with any thing like enjoyment."

"I'll lay my life you haven't, sir," said the coachman. "I've taught my own bitch to dance a bit, but it's only when I gets her locked up in the room, for she'll bolt if she can, and then I don't set eyes on her, mayhap for a week. The moment she sees the fiddle she turns away her head, as if it was an old tin kettle, and tucks her tail between her legs in case,—but that's nature."

"And what else might the Wonderful Dog perform?"

"Perform, sir! I'm blest if he didn't perform a wonderful sight, better than the players at Richardson's, let alone that he couldn't talk. He fenced like a good 'un, and beat time to a song as regular as





THE COLLISION OF THE HOUSES.

could be, besides always barking by way of joining in the chorus. I can't hardly tell you what he didn't perform, but in course he'll be at Bartlemy Fair, and then you can see him yourself, sir."

The subject dropped ; my neighbour began to speak of his travels on the Continent, and Ponto the Wonderful Dog, and the race in general, had been long out of our remembrance, when all at once a sharp cry from the coachman, followed by a shock, and a crash, aroused us from our foreign speculations. We had encountered and upset some kind of covered cart, but the road having been cut through a steep hill, the high bank had prevented the vehicle from falling completely on its side. Our coachman pulled up, and standing on the footboard, took a look at the damage, then suddenly thrusting the reins into the hands of his companion on the box, he precipitately got down, exclaiming, as he ran off to the rescue, "I'm pounded if it an't the Wonderful Dog's caravan!"

The greater part of the coach passengers, myself included, immediately followed his example, and made all haste to the spot, where we had hardly

arrived, when to verify the coachman's assertion, the door at the back of the vehicle opened, and a large white woolly dog bounded out, who after running a few paces on all-fours, got upon his hind legs and walked to a milestone, whereon he seated himself after the human fashion. A fat woman, and an equally fat man, then scrambled out of the little house upon wheels, but my interest was all absorbed by the dog, and leaving the rest of the company to replace his residence in statu quo, I gave myself up to the study of the canine Phenomenon. I could hardly enough admire the force of habit or instinct, whichever it was, that, even in such a sudden emergency, could not make him lose his acquired manner. But my surprise had not yet arrived at its pitch; my astonishment may be conceived, when I saw him put his paw to his head, as if to ascertain that it was sound, then feel down his back and loins, and finally, along his hind legs; a genuine biped of my own species could not have gone through the examination more naturally! He next folded his fore legs, as if they had been arms in reality; and settled himself to watch the righting of his conveyance, and the process.

lasting longer than suited his humour, he repeatedly tried to urge on the work, by impatiently waving his fore leg from left to right, according to the direction in which his carriage required to be lifted. At last the little house stood again on all its wheels, and the coachman began to move towards the milestone, with the intention, no doubt, of renewing his acquaintance with the sagacious Ponto ; but the latter, as if anxious to be at home again, suddenly started up, adroitly dodged past our Whip, and running man-fashion to the ladder, which he ascended dog-fashion, threw himself into the caravan with a somerset, that excited a universal shout of laughter. The fat woman next followed, then the fat man, and the door closed. We had resumed our seats on the coach, and the Rocket was about to go off, when the fat man appeared again at the door of the caravan, and addressed us generally, through his show-trumpet.

“ Begging your pardons, gemmen, I hope you won't not mention any thing as you've seed. It would only be a-taking the bread out of our mouths, without a-putting on it into your own. The dog, gemmen, is a poor dwarf; and we only does it out

o' charity like, to get him a bit o' wittles. So you see, gemmen ——"

I could not hear what followed ; for our coachman started his team so suddenly, that we had enough to do to preserve our seats, and for two miles further he kept his horses in a rattling gallop, that put all conversation out of the question. A steep hill at last obliging him to alter the pace, we fell into talk on the late occurrence ; for my own part, I could not help laughing at the whimsicality of the device, but our Jehu, who evidently felt sore on the subject, looked at the matter in a very different light. " It was," he said, " a regular bit of humbug, a downright swindle, and nothing else, and it would only have sarv'd the little varmint right to have giv him a proper good shaking by the scruff o' the neck."

" The trick is not without precedent," said the traveller, turning towards me, " though the story may not be generally known in England. It was played off at the expense of the good citizens of Amsterdam, by Simon Paap, the celebrated, or as Irish O'Brien used to call him, the *Great Dwarf*. He had reaped a good harvest by exhibiting his diminutive proportions

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" I 'LL HAVE YOUR PERSON."

to the Dutch ; but Simon, for a man of his inches, went extraordinary lengths in dissipation ; in fact he was a little rake, and the money went as fast as it came. The show beginning to get stale, he did not find his person pay so well as it is supposed to do in default of the purse, and it became necessary to hit upon some expedient for raising the wind. Accordingly having taken formal leave, in the character of their grateful, obliged, and humbly obedient dwarf, he got himself sewed up in a skin, by some of his confederates, and, in a few days, Simon Paap again made his appearance before an admiring Public, as a **WONDERFUL DOG!** As he had well studied his part, and performed it to perfection, he was honoured with the patronage of the most distinguished personages in Amsterdam, and large sums were offered for him to his supposed master, but of course declined. Amongst his other accomplishments, the Wonderful Dog could take a hand, or rather paw, at cards, and as Simon was a sharp player, he began to be looked upon as a lucky dog, as well as a clever one, when an untoward event brought his golden dog-days to an end. He was playing in a coffee-house against a French

officer, and had won to such an amount that the latter could not help venting his vexation by a few sharp cuts of his cane, an infliction which instead of calling forth a whine or a howl, produced a very distinct exclamation in Paap's mother-tongue. Aware of the slip, he immediately bolted out of the house, as if he had got the hydrophobia, and the same night secretly quitted Amsterdam, leaving, like a real mad dog, a good many bitten people behind him."



"FORGIVE ME THIS ONCE."

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE FRESH HORSE.

STONE HENGE has always been a mystery to Antiquarians, and a puzzle to mechanics and engineers to conceive how such huge masses of stone were transported, and erected, in their celebrated locality. For my own part, I am no antiquarian, but I fully shared in the surprise of the practical men, on one day discovering a Quaker, seated in a four-wheel chaise, without any horse, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. It was a matter of course to stare at him as at a fly in amber, and "wonder how the devil he got there." A member of the society of Friends, could hardly look for friends in such a place; a Quaker might sit long enough in such a region, however silent, without any hope of a Quaker's meeting: it seemed, however, to be a matter of familiar occurrence to the gentleman in drab, who sate as placid and unconcerned in his

vehicle, as if he had been at the desk of a snug counting-house in Mincing Lane. Instead of a Price Current, he held in his hand a slender pamphlet, which was probably a religious tract, for whenever his eyes left the paper, they invariably took an upward look, before taking a sweep of the wide verdant horizon. At the first glance it occurred to me that his horse had bolted; but a nearer examination corrected my error: the collar was lying on the ground; the long reins beside it; the shafts were whole, and uninjured; not a single strap was broken, but regularly unbuckled. I felt completely in the dark. Horses are occasionally taken out of carriages, when the mob is in the humour to act as their substitutes; but Salisbury Plain is perhaps the very last place in England for one to look for popularity. Determined to fathom the mystery, I rode up to the phenomenon, and with a polite apology, begged to tender my best services, in a case I could not help fearing was one of emergency. The offer was well received, but my assistance declined in the quiet and laconic style supposed to be peculiar to the taciturn sect which owns Fox for its founder.

“ I thank thee, friend,—but there is no need.”

“ I am happy to hear it,” I replied, “ I was in fear——”

“ Friend, we ought to fear nothing but sin.”

“ I beg your pardon, sir, but ——”

“ Thou hast not offended.”

“ It occurred to me, that possibly your present position was the result of some accident——”

“ Friend, there is no such thing as *accident* :—all is *Providence*.’

I confess I felt rather sceptical on the subject ; there seemed so little of a heavenly dispensation, in being planted in his peculiar situation. I could not help thinking, that if one might desire a blessing, ten thousand worldly advantages were preferable to the doubtful one of sitting in a chaise, without a horse, in such a vicinity. In the mean time, the Quaker resumed his reading ; and gave me leisure to look all round, with the inward conviction of seeing some stout, sedate, elderly nag grazing soberly, by permission, on the abundant herbage. I was still mistaken ; there was nothing to be seen, excepting a few sheep, within the

whole range of the horizon. My curiosity increased ; I could neither make up my mind to ride off, nor to again accost the taciturn quaker, who seemed more deeply absorbed than ever in his tract. At last, as he paused, apparently to digest the contents of the last page he had been reading, I ventured on a fresh attack.

“ I am afraid, sir, that while you have been engaged with your book, your horse has strayed farther off than you are aware of.”

“ I thank thee, friend,” said the man of few words, turning over a new leaf,—“ my horse is in sure hands ;”—and again he buried his mind in the pamphlet. Quaker as he was, I felt somewhat piqued at his quietism, and accordingly determined to oblige him to speak to the matter in hand.

“ Possibly, sir,” said I, “ your horse has cast a shoe, and you have sent him to the next blacksmith’s ?”

The Quaker read on.

“ If so,” I continued, “ I congratulate you on possessing a book to amuse your leisure.”

No answer



THE CORN QUESTION.

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“ I wish,”—raising my voice—“ that I could anticipate better weather for you, sir, than the clouds seem to threaten. I ’m very much afraid we shall have a storm.”

Still mute as a fish.

“ It was once my misfortune,” said I, getting quite provoked, “ to be caught in one, just about this very spot:—and I assure you, sir, it was very far from pleasant.”

Mum as ever.

“ What was worse, sir, I got benighted ;—and there can’t be a wretchered place in all England for such a dilemma. I was six hours adrift, at the very least, on this infernal waste.”

I might as well have talked to Stone Henge itself. The perverse Foxite kept his lips hermetically sealed ; and I had gathered up the reins, turned my horse’s head, and was about to ride off in a huff, when his voice unexpectedly saluted me.

“ Friend, I wish thee a good journey.

It was on the tip of my tongue, according to the

common rejoinder, to "wish him the same;" but the absurdity was too palpable, considering his means of travelling; and as it was a question of some difficulty, what aspiration to offer, under such circumstances, I found myself reduced to a very awkward silence. In the days or realms of enchantment, it would have been otherwise; for instance, one might have wished him a pair of flying dragons, or a team of peacocks, or turned half a dozen of the field-mice into as many cream-coloured Arabians;—but as wishing has lost all magical power, I was just on the point of merely lifting my hat, as a farewell courtesy, when he again addressed me.

"Friend, shouldst thou meet the man who hath my horse, I will thank thee to bid him make good speed with the work in hand."

"With the greatest pleasure, sir, provided you will favour me with the means of recognizing them."

"Friend, thou canst not err. The brute creature hath three white legs,—with what is called a blaze on his forehead,—and a long tail, undocked by the cruel



JUDGE OF HORSEFLESH.

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abomination of shears. Respecting the rider, I cannot speak, seeing that I did not take the particulars of his outward man."

"I think, sir, I should know your horse:—but is it possible, my good sir, you can have entrusted him to an utter stranger?"

"Thou shalt hear, friend,"—and stowing away his book, clasping his hands over his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs round each other, the Quaker began his relation. The boy Jonathan, he said, had lately been sorely extravagant in the articles of oats and beans for his horse, whereof followed not only waste and cost, but likewise the brute creature, according to the scripture, waxed fat and kicked. Whence it came to pass, amongst other trials and sufferings, for the headstrong spirit of viciousness to possess itself so powerfully of the horse, just at midway of his journey, there or thereabouts, as to be beyond all controlling with the leather contrivances. Whereupon he had resigned himself inwardly to the power of grace, which had sent present help in need, namely, by raising up a man out of a bush, an utter stranger, indeed, but a Christian, with

bowels of mercy, who had grappled the wilful one by the head; moreover, undertaking, before proceeding further, to abate the violent temper thereof, by abundant galloping to and fro upon the plain.

I suppose an involuntary smile must have played across my features at this part of the story, for the worthy Quaker evidently penetrated my thought, and in truth I had my doubts upon the case.

“ I perceive, friend, thou thinkest I have entrusted my horse to one of the wicked ones:—but thou ought to have a more charitable opinion of thy brethren in the flesh. I feel as secure of the brute creature, as if I had him here between my thighs. It would have done thee good to see the honest man, how he wrought with him, at peril of his own life and limb; as well as to hear his comfortable discourse. I remember his very words. ‘ Only sit still in the shay,’ he saith, ‘ and keep your mind easy;—he’s wonderful fresh at present, but I’m used to the sort,—and when you get him in the shafts again, you won’t know him from a mouse.’ ”

The mention of a mouse, from some sort of associa-

tion with smelling a rat, here overcame my risible muscles, and my comment on the story took the form of a violent fit of laughter, in which, from mere sympathy, the good-humoured Quaker very heartily joined.

“ It was, verily,” he said, “ a ludicrous speech enough, to compare a four-footed animal so large, with one so small:—but nevertheless, friend, the poor honest man was quite in earnest. Sundry times he brought the horse unto me, to show his manner of snorting, and whinnying, and uplifting his heels. ‘ It’s about as peppery a one,’ he saith, ‘ as I ever took in hand: but only sit easy in the shay, and I’ll have it all out of him, if I gallop him all down to Salisbury and back.’ ”

“ You are sure, sir, he said back ? ”

“ Friend, thou art relapsing into thy uncharitableness ;—and if, as St. Paul saith, we lack charity——”

“ Excuse me, sir—but I cannot help thinking that a few turns, under your own eye, would have been quite as efficacious, in taking the freshness out of your horse, as a gallop right on end till he was out of sight.”

“ It is that very argument, friend, which stirs up my concern. I have sore fears that the vicious horse hath run away with the honest man !’

“ And for my part, sir, I have fears too,—that the vicious man has run away with the honest horse.”

The benevolent Quaker gazed earnestly at me for a minute, shook his head, pulled out the tract again from his pocket, hemmed, put on his spectacles, hemmed again, and forthwith, in a most solemn tone, commenced an extempore sermon on the text of “ Judge not, lest ye be judged.” As I had lay appointments of some importance, I found myself obliged to interrupt him in the middle of his homily ;—and with an appropriate apology, and a reiteration of the hope which had given occasion to the lecture, I took my leave. To a man of the world, I need not say which of us proved to be in the right ; but for the sake of the children of simplicity, I will give the sequel. About a year afterwards, I encountered our worthy Quaker at a public meeting in the metropolis ; and he shook his head the moment he saw me.

“ Thou wast correct, friend,” he said, “ alas, too cor-

rect, in thy judgment of the honest man upon Salisbury Plain. Of a surety, it was a fresh horse that drew me thither;—and verily, I was necessitated to buy me a *fresh* horse to draw me back again.”



“IT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.”

THE DEAD ROBBERY.

“ Here’s that will sack a city.”—Henry the IVth

Of all the causes that induce mankind
 To strike against themselves a mortal docket,
 Two eminent above the rest we find—
 To be in love, or to be out of pocket :
 Both have made many melaucholy martyrs,
 But p’rhaps, of all the felonies de se,
 By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes, and garters,
 Two thirds have been through want of *£. s. d.!*

Thus happen’d it with Peter Bunce ;
 Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,
 From always drawing blanks in Fortune’s lottery,
 At last, impatient of the light of day,
 He made his mind up to return his clay

Back to the pottery.

igning a raging tooth that drove him mad,

From twenty divers druggists' shops
He begg'd enough of laudanum by drops
T' effect the fatal purpose that he had ;
He drank them, died, and while old Charon ferried him,
The Coroner convened a dozen men,
Who found his death was *phial-ent*—and then
The Parish buried him !

Unwatch'd, unwept,
As commonly a Pauper sleeps, he slept ;
There could not be a better opportunity
For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,
With all impunity :
In fact, when Night o'er human vice and folly
Had drawn her very necessary curtains,
Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,
Accustom'd many years to drive a trade,
With that Anatomy more Melancholy
Than Burton's !

The Watchman in his box was dozing ;
The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese ;
No fear of any creature interposing,
The human Jackal work'd away at ease :

He toss'd the mould to left and right,
The shabby coffin came in sight,
And soon it open'd to his double-knocks,—
When lo! the stiff'un that he thought to meet,
Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,
Upon his seat!

Awaken'd from his trance,
For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,
Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,
He spies a shady Figure, tall and bony,
Then shudders out these words "Are-you-the-Devil?"
"The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahoney,
"I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,
To pick up honestly, a little blunt—"
"Blunt!" echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of
laughter,—
"Why, man, I turn'd life's candle in the socket,
Without a rap in either pocket,
For want of that same blunt you're looking after!"
"That's true," says Mike, "and many a pretty man
Has cut his stick upon your very plan,
Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,
And yet he's fetch'd a dacent lot of stuff,

Provided he was sound and fresh enough,
And dead as dumps."

"I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the fact is,
You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice,—
I hope the question is not out of reason,
But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,
For instance, like my own,
What might it chance to fetch now, at this season?"
"Fetch is it?" answers Mike, "why prices differ,—
But taking this same small bad job of ours,
I reckon, by the pow'rs!
I've lost ten pound by your not being stiffer!"

"Ten pounds!" Bunch echoes in a sort of flurry,
"Od zounds!
Ten pounds,
How sweet it sounds,
Ten pounds!"

And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—
It seem'd the operation of a minute—
A little scuffle—then a whack—
And then he took the Body Snatcher's sack
And poked him in it!

Such is this life!

A very pantomime for tricks and strife!
 See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,
 Invested, now as active as a griffin,
 Walking—no ghost—in velveteens and smock,
 To sell a stiff'un!

A flash of red, then one of blue,
 At last, like lighthouse, came in view;
 Bunce rang the nightbell; wiped his highlows muddy;
 His errand told; the sack produced;
 And by a sleepy boy was introduced
 To Dr. Oddy, writing in his study.
 The bargain did not take long time to settle,
 " Ten pounds
 Odd zounds!
 How well it sounds
 Ten pounds,"
 Chink'd into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

With joy half-cra zed,
 It seem'd some trick of sense, some airy gammon,—
 He gazed and gazed,
 At last, possess'd with the old lust of Mammon,



ACTIVE AND PASSIVE STOCK.

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Thought he, " with what a very little trouble,
 This little capital I now might double"—
 Another scuffle of its usual brevity,—
 And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,
 Was finishing, within the sack,
 His " Thoughts upon Longevity !"

The trick was done. Without a doubt,
 The sleepy boy let Bunce and burthen out ;
 Who coming to a lone convenient place,
 The body stripp'd ; hid all the clothes ; and then,
 Still favoured by the luck of evil men,
 Found a new customer in Dr. Case.
 All more minute particulars to smother,
 Let it suffice,
 Nine guineas was the price
 For which one doctor bought the other ;
 As once I heard a Preacher say in Guinea,
 " You see how one black sin bring on anudder,
 Like little nigger pickaninny,
 A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder !"
 " Humph !" said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,
 Seeming to trace
 Some likeness in the face,

“ So death at last has taken old Bombastic ! ’
 But in the very middle of his joking,—
 The *subject*, still unconscious of the scoff—
 Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,

He too was *taken off!*

Leaving a fragment “ On the Hooping Cough.”

Satan still sending luck,
 Another body found another buyer :
 For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,

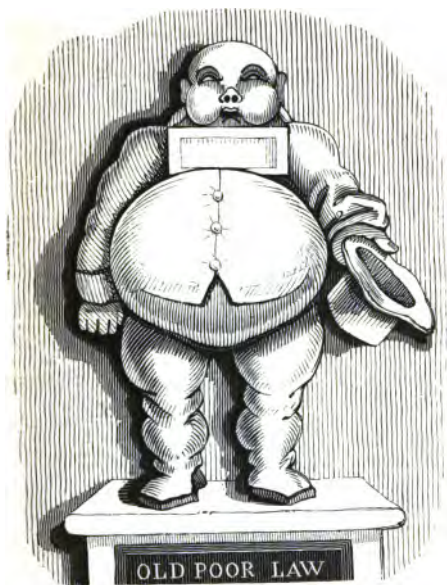
Dead doctors going higher.

“ Here,” said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant,
 Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,
 “ Here ’s half a guinea in the way of present,—
 Subjects are scarce, and when you get another,
 Let *me* be first.” — Bunce took him at his word,
 And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,

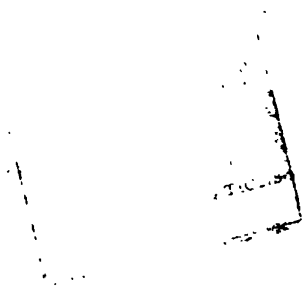
Sacking M. D. the third,

Ere he could furnish “ Hints to the Afflicted.”

Flush’d with success,
 Beyond all hope or guess,
 His new dead-robbery upon his back,



A PAUPER IN HIGH RELIEF.



Bunce plotted—such high flights ambition takes,—
To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,
And sell them all ere they could utter “Quack!”
But Fate opposed—According to the schools,
When men become insufferably bad,
 The gods confer to drive them mad ;
March hairs upon the heads of April fools!

 Tempted by the old demon avaricious,
Bunce traded on too far into the morning ;
Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious
 Ev'n words malicious,
Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.
Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,
A porter, ornamented with a ticket,
Who did not seem to be at all too busy—
 “Here, my good man,
 Just show me, if you can,
A doctor's—if you want to earn a tizzy!”

Away the porter marches,
And with grave face, obsequious precedes him,
Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches ;

At last, up an old-fashioned staircase leads him,
 Almost impervious to the morning ray,
 Then shows a door—"There, that's a doctor's reckon'd,
 A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second—
 Good day."

"I'm right," thought Bunce, "as any trivet;
 Another venture—and then up I give it!"
 He rings—the door, just like a fairy portal,
 Opens untouch'd by mortal—
 He gropes his way into a dingy room,
 And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,
 "Well—eh?—Who? What?—Speak out at once!"

"I will," says Bunce,
 "I've got a sort of article to sell;
 Medical gemmen knows me very well—"
 But think Imagination how it shock'd her
 To hear the voice roar out, "Death! Devil! d—n!
 Confound the vagabond, he thinks I am
 A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor!"
 "No Doctor!" exclaim'd Bunce, and dropp'd his jaw,
 But louder still the voice began to bellow,
 "Yes,—yes,—od zounds!—I am a Doctor, fellow,
 At law!"



A LAY IMPROPRIATOR.

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The word suffic'd.—Of things Bunce feared the most
(Next to a ghost)
Was law,—or any of the legal corps,—
He dropp'd at once his load of flesh and bone,
And, caring for no body, save his own,
Bolted,—and lived securely till fourscore.
From never troubling Doctors any more!



APPROPRIATION CLAUSE.

SPANISH PRIDE.

A YARN.

It was in the year 1812,—there or thereabouts,—for I can't be more particular, seeing as how I kept no log, except my own head—but we was sent to cruise off the Spanish coast in the Bay of Biscay, with orders to make ourselves as comfortable to the Dons, and as uncomfortable to the Mounseers, as we could. Now the French in their marches was obliged sometimes to tread pretty close to the shore, and then we pelted away at them with our gun-boats, which kept working along with them on a parallel. Well, one day it was my turn to take a spell in the boats ; and as no enemy was in sight, our Luff, rather than be idle, takes it in his head to go and overhaul a bit of a castle, about a cable's length from the beach. So we pulls right for the land, and a party of us, myself for one, goes ashore

without meeting a soul, good or bad, to help or hinder us. We was soon in the inside of the castle, rummaging the kitchens and cellars in the first place, you may be sure ; but without finding the value of a keg of wine, by way of a present for the Admiral, or any body else you like ; when all at once we hears Bill Jones hailing us with a “ Here you shall see what you shall see ! ” So we follows the voice, and comes into a biggish room, hung all over with painted pictures of ladies in pillory-ruffs, and men in armours, with a *spare* set of whiskers stowed away between their noses and mouths. The wonderfulest sight, howsomever, was an old Don, at the further end of the room, sitting in state, with a long straight sword in his fist ; the very image of the other old Don, in the picture behind him. At first we took him for a wax-work ; till Bill Jones made bold to pint at him with his finger, whereby he let drive with his toasting-iron, and would have run Bill right through his duff, if so be he had’nt jump’d back’ards. You may be sure we jaw’d him well for it ; but with no more aggravation to him than if he had been a Chiny-man’s Joss : at last, just as we were

making up our minds to a spree with him, in comes the Luff, and scrapes a full-grown bow to the old Don, who returned it with the least bit of a nod you ever seed. Finding such a shabby sort of a salute, the Left'nant took a pull, like, at his backstays, and stood up as stiff as he could, which was something more than upright, as much as to say, I perceive none of my betters; but the Don war'nt of the same opinion, for he leaned over the back of his chair till it cracked again; while his chin seemed looking over the Left'nant's head. Then the Left'nant slews himself half a turn round to larboard, and pretends to be looking at the pictures, and the Don slews himself half a turn to starboard, pretending to take a pinch of snuff. It was a regular manœuvring to get the weather guage of each other's dignity;—at last the Left'nant opens with a compliment, and the Don returns it with the biggest words he can pick, for he talked good dictionary English enough. We couldn't entirely make it out, except that he was a Don, two thousand years old, and sitting there to keep his own castle agin the French:—the more fool he—with as good a chance as a bumboat



" TAKE A PINCH FROM MY BOX."

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agin a seventy-four. The Left'nant tried hard to persuade him to go aboard the fleet; but he might have saved his jaw tackle; for it was about as easy as to get a round shot into a Quaker. Well, whilst they were argufying it, somebody sings out, "The French! the French!"—and in course it's cut and run,—except the old Don, who kept sitting, looking as wise as a Solon goose, which, you know, will sit on its nest, till you come right up and knock it on the head. It showed game in him, howsumever, and thinks I to myself, I'll save old Stiff-back without axing his leave. So I contrives to get him on my back, and before he well knew his bearings, I had him down in the fore court, and almost out at a breach in the wall, if he hadn't held on at both sides of it, like a cat with her claws. I'm bound, now I thinks of him, it was all along of my not taking him out at the great gate,—be that as it may, the French come'd on while we were scuffling, and nabb'd us both. There was no use in my showing fight agin so many, if they had given me time for it; but the Don, rather than surrender his sword, made a sort of a try to shy it up to heaven, whereby, no thanks

to him! I got a staggering rap on the pate with the hilt, when it came down again. He was the proudest beggar I ever see, out and out! I took an observation, when they marched us inland, that he always forged a-head of me, if it was only the breadth of your hand; besides cutting through afore me, whenever we came to a narrow wicket or the like. As for talking, he never opened his lips wide enough for a cockroach to squeeze between them, till we came to the prison; and then only to ax for a separate cell all alone to himself. For my own parts, thinks I, the more the merrier, and I was far from consarned to find the old Don locked up along with me—not that he was sociable at all, but quite the reverse; for he always gave me as wide a berth as the walls would let him. He took mighty pains, besides, to squat himself down the same moment that I did, for fear of his standing to my sitting,—I can't tell you half his Spanish tricks, to keep up his dignity,—but one was always to keep to starboard; and another to be everlastingly cover'd in my company, whereby he ate, drank, and even slept in his slouch'd hat. It was the most divarting thing in life,



IMMEASURABLY SUPERIOR.

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LENDING AND
ACQUISITIONS

if it had only been a stage-play ; but I got tired of it in the long run, like salt pork, or any thing else that is constant, and began to wish for my liberty. The Mounseers didn't keep the brightest look out in the world ; and so I determined to give them the slip. It was only to work a hole thro' a four-foot wall ;—and then double the sentry ; and then get down a rampart twenty feet deep ; and then get across the ditch ; and then get to the coast ; and then swim off to the fleet. So I set to work with a will, and in less than nine weeks I had picked a hole just under the little window, so that by knocking them both into one, there would be room enough for my body to get through—no thanks to the old Don, who never lent a hand, or even a finger, but looked on as grand as a lord at the lacky that's a-blackening his shoes. Howsumever, as he was only a Spaniard, and it was the fault of his bad bringing up, I overlooked it for once, and let him into all my plans ; and by way of a return, to show gratitude, what does he do, when the time comes, but refuses to shake hands by way of swearing to stand by

each other ! Well, I overlooked that too, in consideration of his ignorance—and what comes of it?—Why he hustles me away from my own hole, that I had picked with my own hands, to get out first. As soon as we were both outside, “ Now, Cavaliero,” says I, squeezing my voice into a small whisper, “ we must skulk past the sentry ;—it ’s stoop you must,” said I, “ and come under the shadow,”—but the devil a bit he ’d stoop, but stalked along, bolt upright, like the ghost in the play, with the full moon shining, with all its might, on his infarnal ruff. Lucky for us, the sentry had got his dead-lights up, and couldn’t see any thing but what he was dreaming of, so we gets undiskivered to the ramparts. I had made a rope of my sheets, and had it fast in no time, to one of the guns,—then, manning the gangway, for I knew what sort of a customer I had to deal with, I scraped my best bow, and invited the old Don to go down afore me. It was doing the handsome thing by him any how ;—but after giving a look over, he furls up his arms one within another, and turns his back on my rope, as if it warn’t fit to hang a dog. I thought at first as how he fancied it

didn't look strong enough ; but it was nothing after all but his Spanish pride.—What do you think the old stiff-backed beggar said ? “ I don't object to the rope,” says he,—“ nor I don't object to escape,” says he ; “ but I'll stand here till the day of judgment,” says he, “ before I'll escape,” says he, “ by *letting myself down!*”



WHO'LL BE MASTER.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

A PASTORAL REPORT.

ONE Sunday morning—service done—
 'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,
 A knot of bumpkins stood to chat
 Of that and this, and this and that ;
 What people said of Polly Hatch—
 Which side had won the cricket match ;
 And who was catch'd, and who was bowl'd ;—
 How barley, beans, and 'taters sold—
 What men could swallow at a meal—
 When Bumpstead Youths would ring a peal—
 And who was taken off to jail—
 And where they brew'd the strongest ale—
 At last this question they address,
 What's Agricultural Distress ? ”

HODGE.

“ For my peart, it's a thought o' mine,
 It be the fancy farming line,

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SERGEANT MERKWETHER.

Like yonder gemman,—him I mean,
As took the Willa nigh the Green,—
And turn'd his cattle in the wheat ;
And gave his porkers hay to eat ;
And sent his footman up to town,
To ax the Lonnon gentry down,
To be so kind as make his hay,
Exactly on St. Swithin's day ;—
With consequences you may guess—
That's Hagricultural Distress."

DICKON.

Last Monday morning, Master Blogg
Com'd for to stick our bacon-hog ;
But th' hog he cock'd a knowing eye,
As if he twigg'd the reason why,
And dodg'd and dodg'd 'un such a dance,
He did n't give the noose a chance ;
So Master Blogg at last lays off,
And shams a rattle at the trough,
When swish ! in bolts our bacon-hog
Atwixt the legs o' Master Blog,
And flops him down in all the muck,
As hadn't been swept up by luck—

Now that, accordin' to my guess,
Be Hagricultural Distress."

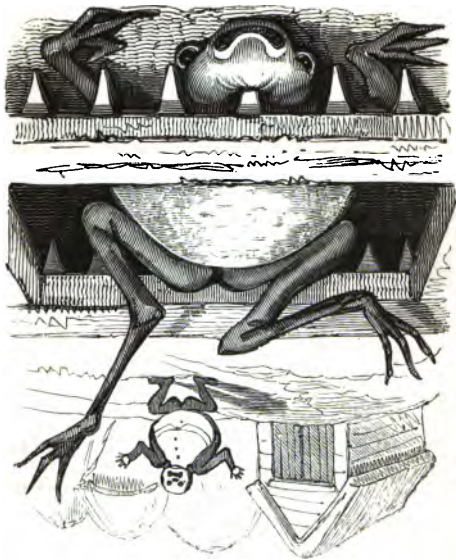
GILES.

" No, that arn't it, I tell 'ee flat ;
I'ze bring a worser case nor that !
Last Friday week, I takes a start
To Reading, with our horse and cart ;
Well, when Pze set the 'taters down,
I meets a cmony at the Crown ;
And what betwixt the ale and Tom,
It's dark afore I starts for home ;
So whipping hard, by long and late,
At last we reaches nigh the gate,
And, sure enough, there Master stand,
A lantern flaring in his hand,—
' Why, Giles,' says he, ' what 's that 'un thear ?
Yond' chestnut horse bean't my bay near !
He bean 't not worth a leg o' Bess !'
There 's Hagricultural Distress ? "

HOB.

" That 's nothin yet, to Tom's mishap !
A-gooing through the yard, poor chap,

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.



TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

NEW YORK AND
ALBANY

Only to fetch his milking-pails,
 When up he shies like head or tails ;
 Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,
 Till he had toss'd the best o' three ;—
 And there lies Tom with broken bones,
 A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones ;
 Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,
 ' There 's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw,—
 Eat well,' says he, ' stuff out your case,
 For that will keep the ribs in place ;'
 But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,
 Seeing as how he 'd broke his jaw ?
 That 's summat to the pint—yes, yes,
 That 's Hagricultural Distress ! ”

SIMON.

“ Well, turn and turn about is fair :
 Tom 's bad enough, and so 's the mare ;
 But nothing to my load of hay—
 You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,
 And cash was wanted for the rent ;
 So up to Lonnon I was sent,
 To sell as prime a load of hay,
 As ever dried on summer's day.

“ Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
A chap comes up to buy my load,
And looks, and looks about the cart,
Pretending to be 'cute and smart ;
But no great judge, as people say,
'Cause why ? he never smelt the hay.
Thinks I, as he 's a simple chap,
He'll give a simple price mayhap,
Such buyers comes but now and then,
So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
' That's dear,' says he, and pretty quick
He taps his leathers with his stick,
' Suppose,' says he, ' we wet our clay,
Just while we bargin 'bout the hay.'
So in we goes, my chap and me ;
He drinks to I, and I to he ;
At last, says I, a little gay,
' It's time to talk about that hay.'
' Nine pund,' says he, ' and I'm your man,
Live, and let live—for that 's my plan.'
' That's true,' says I, ' but still I say,
It's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.'
And so we chaffers for a bit,
At long and last the odds we split ;

And off he sets to show the way,
Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
Then, from the pocket of his coat,
He pulls a book, and picks a note.
'That 's Ten,' says he—' I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'
' With all my heart, and soon,' says I,
And feeling for the change thereby ;
But all my shillings com'd to five—
Says he, ' No matter, man alive !
There 's something in your honest phiz
I'd trust, if twice the sum it is ;—
You 'll pay next time you come to town.'
' As sure,' says I, ' as corn is brown.'
' All right,' says he.—Thinks I ' huzza !
He's got no bargain of the hay !'

" Well, home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling ev'ry yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay—
And just cotch'd Master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,

Which did n't taste the worse, *surely*,
 To hear his hay had gone so high.
 But lord! when I laid down the note,
 It stuck the victuals in his throat,
 And chok'd him till his face all grew
 Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
 With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
 They seem'd a-coming out like snails!
 'A note,' says he, half mad with passion,
 'Why, thou dom'd fool? thou 'st took a flash 'un!'
 Now, was n't that a pretty mess?
 That's Hagricultural Distress."

COLIN.

"Phoo! phoo! You're nothing near the thing!
 You only argy in a ring;
 'Cause why? You never cares to look,
 Like me, in any larned book;
 But schollards know the wrong and right
 Of every thing in black and white.

'Well, Farming, that's its common name,
 And Agriculture be the same:

UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN LIBRARY

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



POLITICAL ECONOMY.

So put your Farming first, and next
Distress, and there you have your text.
But here the question comes to press,
What farming be, and what's distress?
Why, farming is to plough and sow,
Weed, harrow, harvest, reap, and mow,
Thrash, winnow, sell,—and buy and breed
The proper stock to fat and feed.
Distress is want, and pain, and grief,
And sickness,—things as wants relief ;
Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe ;
In short, ax any overseer,—
Well, now, the logic for to chop,
Where's the distress about a crop ?
There's no distress in keeping sheep,
I likes to see 'em friak and leap ;
There's no distress in seeing swine
Grow up to pork and bacon fine ;
There's no distress in growing wheat
And grass for men or beasts to eat ;
And making of lean cattle fat,
There's no distress, of course, in that.

Then what remains?—But one thing more,
And that's the *Farming of the Poor!*”

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, & SIMON.

“ Yea!—aye!—surely!—for sartin!—yes!—
That's Hagricultural Distress!”



“ WHO SAYS THERE IS NOT A SURPLUS ? ”

10 NEW YORK
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A GIFT OF THE
TRUSTEES FOUNDATIONS



GHEK-UP!

AN IRISHMAN

Is a Man with two Ideas ; no better than one : to wit, a right one and a wrong one, between which, like two Stools, his Wit comes constantly to the Ground. Thus it is as natural for Him to blunder as to breathe : his Sign is Taurus : for he is constantly uttering dilemmas with horns to them. Verily the expertest Matador of Seville would be sorely tasked to encounter all the Bulls which come out of his Mouth.

Hence is he a Catholic by nationality ; for the Pope makes Bulls likewise ; and is therefore a mere Irishman, born at Rome. For the rest of his Religion, he confesses to at least nine of the Seven Mortal Sins ; and above all, Sabbath-Breaking, by which he understands eating Flesh of a Friday.

In his Politics he is commonly a Partisan ; his main

Aversion being a Trimmer, or, as he describeth him, a Man who sits on both Sides of the House at once. He holds the Emerald Isle to be the brightest Ruby in the British Crown; and recommends England and Ireland to unite in repealing the Union. He hath a Scheme for reducing Tithes from a Tenth to a Fifth; and another for furthering the Education of the Poor, by means of Sunday Schools twice a Week.

In Hospitality he is Prince-like, for he giveth all he hath, though it be but a Potato. "It is not much," he saith, "but you are as welcome as the Flowers in May, if it was twice as little."

In Amicality, he will stick to his Friend so long as he hath a stick to do it withal; for he is not so much a Member of a Club, as a Club is a Member of him; to wit, his Shillelagh, which, as it cannot write written Hand, makes always its Mark.—To see him in his Glory, as the Fidus Achates of all Mankind, you must behold him at the Fair of Donnybrook, where the Heads look up at the Cudgels, like a Scottish Man at an auld Acquaintance, when he says unto him, "Come, gie's yer cracks!"



A FASCIO OF THE SUB-LIME MICHAEL.

TO THE
PUBLIC
AND
RELATIONS

Next to Donnybrook, his Delight is a Duel, or Pistol-Duet; wherein he prefers to play First rather than Second;—but he takes it amiss if there be not a Hit, even on his own side. Rather than fail of a Challenge, he would call out a deaf Man to a ball in his ear; nay, he hath been known, for want of other satisfaction, to fly to Self-Satisfaction, by blowing out his own proper Brains. Hence, War, which is the Multiplication of a Duel, is quite his Element; only that he is far more fierce in multifarious fight, his least Threat to his Enemy being that he will “Cut off his Head and throw it in his face.”

In Love, his Flame is like unto a Kitchen Fire, which requireth a wide Range; for he is a Sexagenarian, or in Love with some sixty of the Sex at once. Yet, for all this Special Licence, he doth not incline to marry; for “it is better,” he saith, “to be a-walking with a darling Jewel of a Girl, by the sweet Light of the Young May Moon, in the beautiful Groves of Blarney, than to be the Man in the Honey-Moon, looking about for Himself with a Lantern.”

Sometimes, however, he will hunt a Fortune, by way

of Chance, but he is apt to outrun it as well as his own ; whereupon he betakes himself to Poteen, which consoles him for his Single Blessedness, by making it seem double. To conclude, he ends, as he had lived, with Spirit ; for, taking a Drop of the Creature, he dies like a Creature of the Drop ; to wit, in a Rope ; for why ? as he saith,—“ It is better to hang, than to be dependent.”



“ COME, EAT SOME, PADDY.”

DOMESTIC POEMS.

“ It ’s hame, hame, hame.”—A. CUNNINGHAM.

“ There ’s no place like home.”—CLARI.

It has often been remarked—and never more likely than after hearing “ John Anderson, my Jo,” sung by Broadhurst, at a public dinner—that there is a species of Poetry, indigenous to Scotland, which might emphatically be called Domestic. The Land of Cakes is, indeed, peculiarly rich in songs and ballads of household interest, which, like their stock Tragedy of Douglas, may be said to be Home-made. The Caledonian Muse does not merely take a walk round the premises, speculating on the domestic comforts, or dis-

comforts, the household affections, or disaffections, within; but she is invited and goes *ben*, far ben; makes herself quite at home; and is "treated as one of the family." She sits down, like a gossip as she is, at the ingle side; takes a peep into the muckle pat; pries into the cradle; and does not hesitate to spier into the dubious parentage of "young wee Donald." She gauges the meal-tub; and informs herself of the stock of siller in hand. There are no secrets with her. The gude wife and gude man unfold to her their most private affairs. They describe to her how they sleep, with a pint stoup at their bed feet; and confide to her all their particular gratifications and grievances. Johnny complains of a weary pound of tow,—that his wife does not drink hooly and fairly,—and hints that he should not be sorry to see the termagant dished up in her winding-sheet:—Jeanie tells of his extravagance, in not wanting to take his old cloak about him; and asks counsel on the state of his grey breeks. The Daughter, if she be at home, gets the Muse in a corner, lets her into the names and number of her lovers; describes the modes and freedoms of their



" HOW NEAT SHE SPREADS THE WHACKS ! "

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HEADQUARTERS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

woodings ; and repeats all their love-nonsense verbatim. In short, a Familiar of the Inquisition could not be more familiar with all the recesses of their private life : only what the Muse knows she publishes ; and, in the shape of ballads and songs, spreads her home news, scandal and all, throughout the parishen.

The English, on the contrary, have few Poems of this nature. The Muse does not sing like a cricket from our hearths ; and with an abundance of home-made wines, we have scarcely a home-made song. This is a gap in our literature, a vacant shelf in our Family Library, that ought to be filled up. I cannot suppose that we are nationally deficient in the fireside feelings and homily affections which inspire a domestic ditty ;—but take it for granted, that the vein exists, though it has not been worked. In the hope of drawing the attention of our Bards to the subject, I venture to offer a few specimens of Domestic Poems, “ such as”—to use the words of Doctor Watts—“ I wish some happy and condescending Genius would undertake and perform much better.”

I.

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O Kate! my dear Partner, through joy and through
strife!

When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
Not a lovelier bride ever chang'd to a wife,
Though you 're now so old, wizen'd, and grey!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!
But as liquid as stars in a pool;
Though now they 're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,
Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill!



FANCY PORTRAIT.—ALMA MATER.

TO THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
COUNTY OF
MADISON

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
Such a nectar there hung on each lip ;
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip !

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,
From its dimple he could not get loose ;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose !

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep !
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,
By a bramble torn off from a sheep !

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms ;
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms !

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you ! still bless you ! my Partner ! my Kate !
Though you be such a perfect old fright !

II.

The sun was slumbering in the West,
My daily labours past ;
On Anna's soft and gentle breast
My head reclined at last ;—
The darkness clos'd around, so dear
To fond congenial souls,
And thus she murmur'd at my ear,
“ My love, we 're out of coals ! ”

“ That Mister Bond has call'd again,
Insisting on his rent ;
And all the Todds are coming up
To see us, out of Kent ;—
I quite forgot to tell you John
Has had a tipsy fall ;—
I 'm sure there 's something going on
With that vile Mary Hall ! ”—

“ Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,
And I have bought the rest—
Of course, if we go out of town,
Southend will be the best.—

I really think the Jones's house
 Would be the thing for us ;—
 I think I told you Mrs. Pope
 Had parted with her *nus*——”

“ Cook, by the way, came up to-day,
 To bid me suit myself—
 And what d 'ye think? the rats have gnawed
 The victuals on the shelf.—
 And, lord ! there 's such a letter come,
 Inviting you to fight !
 Of course you don't intend to go—
 God bless you, dear, good night !”

 III.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED 3 YEARS AND
 5 MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf !
 (But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
 Thou tiny image of myself !
 (My love, he 's poking peas into his ear !)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite !
 With spirits feather-light,

Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
 (Good heav'ns! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)



ARTHUR'S SEAT.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
DENVER, COLORADO

Thy father's pride and hope !

(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)

With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—

(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !

(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove !)

Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest

(Are those torn clothes his best ?)

Little epitome of man !

(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan !)

Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—

(He 's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—

(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)

With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk,

He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

 IV.

A SERENADE.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby !"
 Thus I heard a father cry,
 "Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 The brat will never shut an eye ;
 Hither come, some power divine !
 Close his lids, or open mine !"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 What the devil makes him cry ?
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Still he stares—I wonder why,



A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SON.



Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Thus I heard the father cry;

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Mary, you must come and try!—

Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—

The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Fie, you little creature, fie!

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Is no poppy-syrup nigh?

Give him some, or give him all,

I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Two such nights, and I shall die!

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—

How can I from bedposts keep,

When I'm walking in my sleep?"

“ Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, oh, lullaby ;
Nature soon will stupify—
My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
Who 's that fallen—me or him ? ”



HERE'S A SLOP !

JOHN JONES.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“ I saw the iron enter into his soul.”—**STERNE.**

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,
 On ninety pounds a year,
 Before his head was engine-turn'd
 To be an engineer !

For, finding that the iron roads
 Were quite the public tale,
 Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart
 Was set upon a rail.

But oh ! his schemes all ended ill,
 As schemes must come to nought,
 With men who try to make short cuts,
 When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take,
Like any other elf ;
But first a spirit-level took,
That levell'd him, himself.

Then getting up, from left to right
So many tacks he made,
The ground he meant to go upon
Got very well survey'd.

How crows may fly he did not care
A single fig to know ;—
He wish'd to make an iron road,
And not an iron crow.

So, going to the Rose and Crown,
To cut his studies short,
The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,
He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he plann'd
His railroad o'er a cup ;
But when he came to lay it down,
No soul would take it up !

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

WILLIAMS AND
BROTHERS



“PARLIAMENT REJECTS MY LINE !”

Alas! not his the wily arts
Of men as shrewd as rats,
Who out of one sole *level* make
A precious lot of *flats*!

In vain from *Z* to crooked *S*,
His devious line he show'd ;
Directors even seem'd to wish
For some director road.

The writers of the public press
All sneer'd at his design ;
And penny-a-liners wouldn't give
A penny for his line.

Yet still he urged his darling scheme,
In spite of all the fates ;
Until at last his zigzag ways
Quite brought him into *straits*.

His money gone, of course he sank
In debt from day to day,—
His way would not pay *him*—and so
He could not pry his way.

Said he, "all parties run me down—
How bitter is my cup!
My landlord is the only man
That ever runs me up!

"And he begins to talk of scores,
And will not draw a cork;"—
And then he rail'd at Fortune, since
He could not rail at York!

The morrow, in a fatal noose
They found him hanging fast;
This sentence scribbled on the wall,—
"I've got my line at last!"

Twelve men upon the body sate,
And thus, on oath, did say,
"We find he got his *gruel*, 'cause
He couldn't have his *way*."



REGISTRATION.—A VOTE FOR CORK.

TO MEMORIAL
LIBRARY
SCIENCE AND
TECHNOLOGY FOUNDATIONS

ODE

TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND MONCK MASON, ON
THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

“ Here we go up, up, up,—and there we go down, down,
downy.”—OLD BALLAD.

O lofty-minded men !
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen !
And most inflated words !
Delicate Ariels ! ethereals !—birds
Of passage ! fliers ! angels without wings !
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings !
Male-witches, without broomsticks,—taking airings !
Kites—without strings !

Volatile spirits! light mercurial humours!
 O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
 With full particulars, correcting duly
 All flying rumours!

 Two-legg'd high-fliers!
 What upper-stories you must have to tell!
 And nobody can contradict you well,
 Or call you liars!
 Your Region of Romance will many covet;
 Besides that, you may scribble what you will,
 And this great luck will wait upon you, still
 All criticism, you will be above it!

 Write, then, Messrs. Monck Mason, Hollond,
 Green!

And tell us all you have, or havn't seen!—
 ['Twas kind, when the balloon went out of town,
 To take Monck Mason up and set him down,
 For when a gentleman is at a shift
 For carriage—talk of carts and gigs, and coaches!
 Nothing to a balloon approaches,
 For giving one *a lift!*]



"NOW FOR AN EFFECT."

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ARTHUR TENOX AND
TILLEN FOUNDATIONS.

O say, when Mr. Frederick Gye
 Seem'd but a speck—a mote—in friendship's eye,
 Did any tongue confess a sort of dryness
 Seeming the soaring rashness to rebuke ;
 Or did each feel himself, like Brunswick's Duke,
 A Most Serene Highness !

 Say, as you cross'd the Channel,
 Well clothed in well-air'd linen and warm flannel,
 How did your company, perceived afar,
 Affect the tar ?
 Methinks I see him cock his weather eye
 Against the sky,
 Turning his *ruminating* quid full oft,
 With wonder sudden taken all aback—
 “ My eyes ! ” says he,
 “ I'm blow'd if there arn't *three* !
 Three little Cherubs smiling up aloft,
 A-watching for poor Jack ! ”

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
 Affected no one by its motion—

But did internal comfort dwell with each,
 Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in ?
 Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach

As white as Irish linen ?

Changing his native hue,

Did Green look blue ?—

In short was any air-sick ? P'rhaps Monck Mason
 Was forc'd to have an air-pump in a bason ?

Say, with what sport, or pleasure,
 Might you fill up your lofty leisure ?

Like Scotchman, at High jinks ?

(High-spy was an appropriate game me-
 thinks)

Or cards—but playing very high ;—
 Or skying coppers, almost to the sky ;—
 Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
 That ever drank the music of the spheres ?—
 Or might you into vocal music get,

A trio—highly set ?

Or, as the altitude so well allow'd,
 Perchance, you “blew a cloud.”

Say, did you find the air
 Give you an appetite up there?
 Your cold provisions—were you glad to meet 'em?
 Or did you find your victuals all so *high*,—
 Or blown so by your *fly*—
 You couldn't eat 'em?

Of course, you took some wine to sup,
 Although the circumstance has not been stated;
 I envy you the effervescing cup!
 Warn't your Champagne *well up*?
 Nay, you, yourselves, a little *elevated*?

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
 Was it not something delicately new,
 To get *sky-blue*
 Right genuine from the real *milky way*?

Of course, you all agreed,
 Whate'er your conversation was about,
 Like friends indeed,—
 And faith! not without need,
 'Twas such an awkward place for *falling out*!

Say, after your gastronomy,
Kept you a watch all night,
Marking the planets bright,
Like three more Airys, studying astronomy ;
Or near the midnight chime,
Did some one haul his nightcap on his head,
Hold out his mounted watch, and say " *high time*
To go to bed?"

Didn't your coming scare
The sober Germans, until every cap
Rose lifted by a frighten'd fell of hair ;
Meanwhile the very pipe, mayhap,
Extinguish'd, like the vital spark in death,
From wonder locking up the smoker's breath !
Didn't they crouch like chickens, when the kite
Hovers in sight,
To see your vehicle of huge dimension
Aloft, like Gulliver's Laputa—nay,
I'd better say,
The Island of Ascension ?

Well was it plann'd
To come down thus into the German land,

Where Honours you may score by such event,—
For, if I read the prophesy aright,
You 'll have the Eagle-Order for your flight,
And all be Von'd, because of your *descent*!



WHAT WILL THE WIGS DO NEXT?



THE END.

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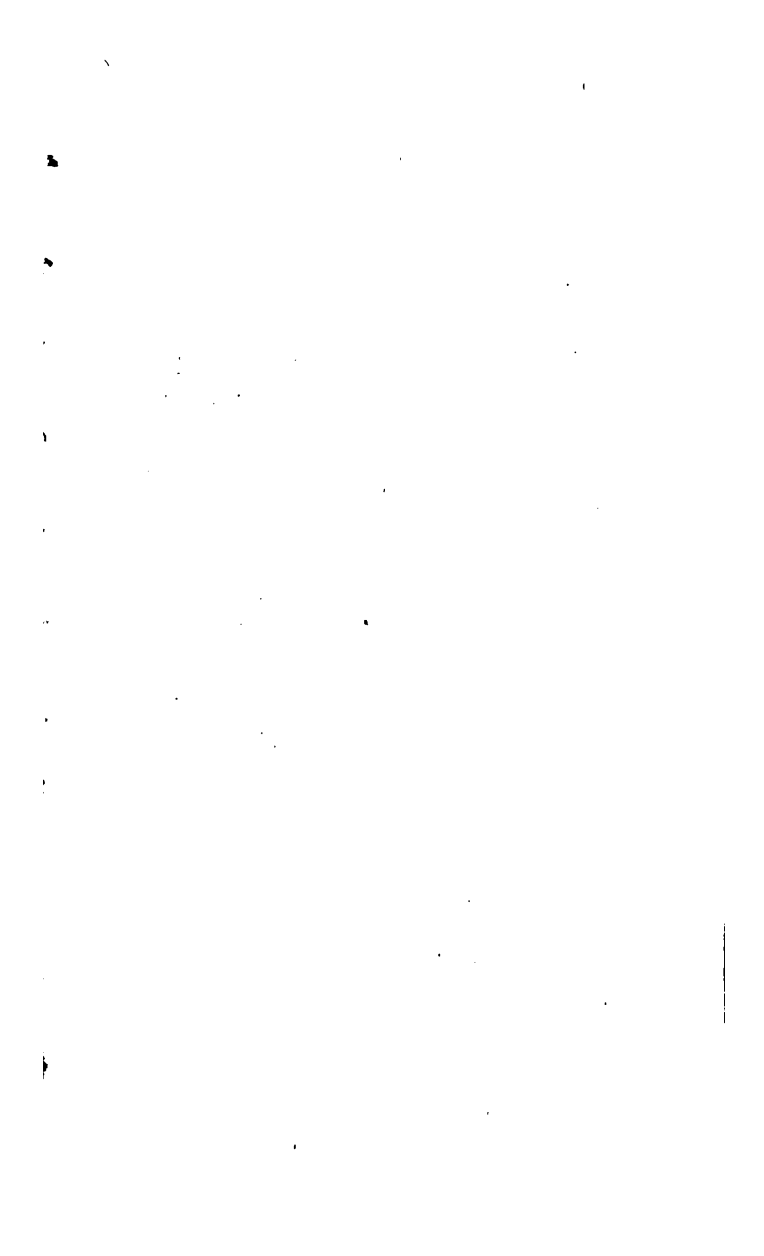
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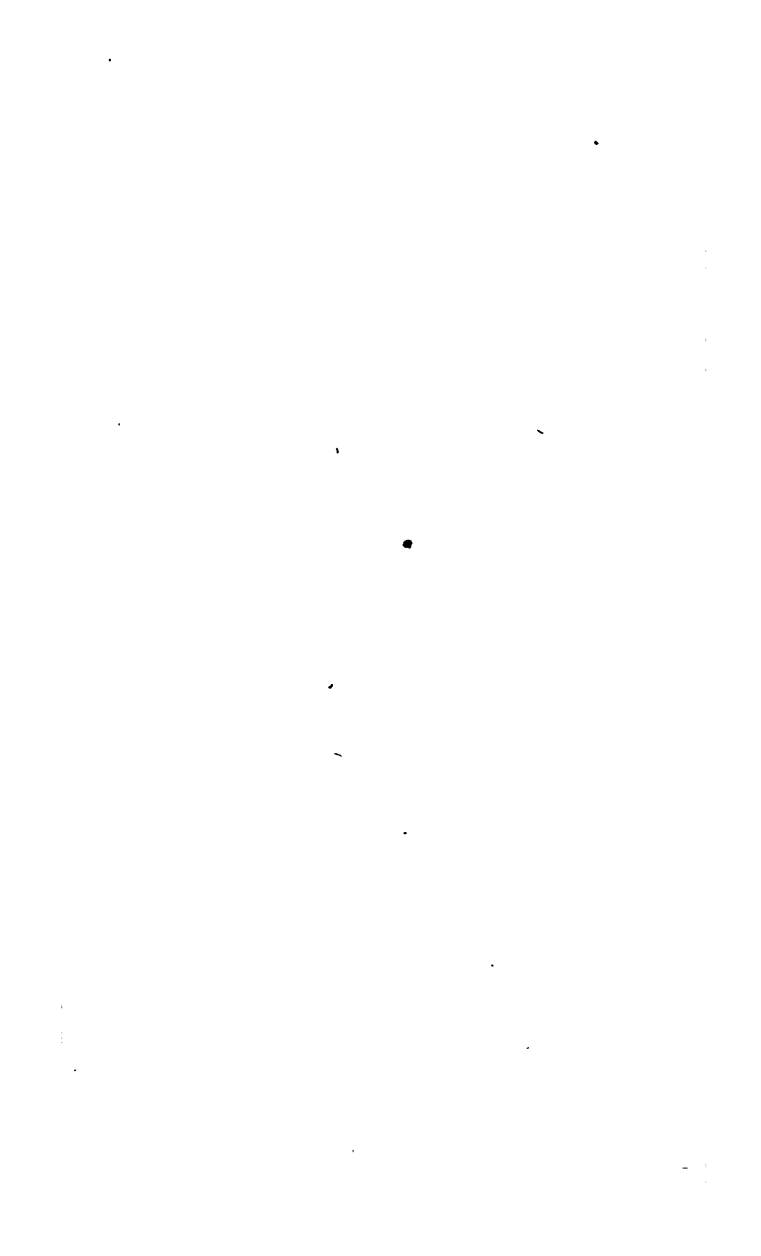
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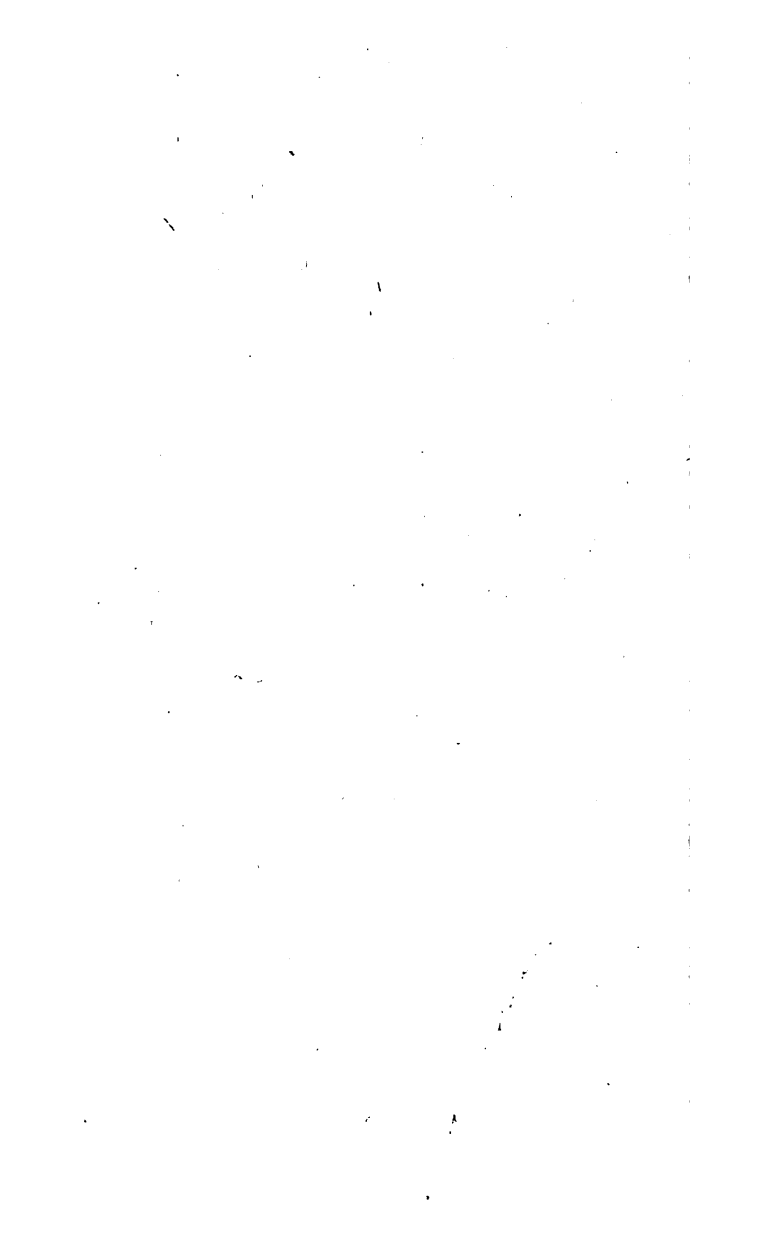
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